VISTA GRANDE | CROCKER TRACT

COLMA RECORD

HILLCREST | MISSION TRACT

BY J. L. BROWN. COLMA, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, FRIDAY, APRIL 15, 1910. VOL. 2. NO. 2.

BRIEF NEWS NOTES OF HAPPENINGS IN NORTH END TOWNS

What Your Neighbors Have Been Doing During the Past Week.

Interesting Events in This Part of San Mateo County Reviewed in Terse Paragraphs.

Mr. Cairns is very ill with appendicitis.

Mrs. Waldron, who has been quite ill, is recovering.

Mrs. Mae Smith is improving rapidly after a severe case of lagrippe.

The new sidewalks on Mission in Vista Grande will soon be completed.

Rev. Rawlston will preach next Sunday at the Vista Grande M. E. Church.

Mrs. M. A. Johnson's new 'phone at the Vista Grande postoffice is Mission 6606.

Don't fail to try a sack of the Peacock Family Flour — Mission Tract Grocery. *

Mrs. Dempsey of San Francisco visited with Mrs. C. A. Kirkpatrick Tuesday.

The Mission Tract Grocery now has a delivery. Orders solicited and goods promptly delivered. *

For Sale—A complete set of the California Codes at a bargain Apply at the Record office. *

W. H. Alsop, the real estate man, went to Los Angeles last Sunday on a week's business trip.

The Royal Neighbors meet at Font's Hall Friday evening. Several candidates are to be initiated.

Dr. Holmes, the Colma dentist, reports being quite busy and seems to be giving fine satisfaction.

The Mission Tract Grocery is now handling the Genuine Coulson Poultry Feeds of the Western Feed Co. *

Mrs. B. W. Haubrich and little daughter, Sylvia, are visiting her mother at San Bruno for a few weeks.

Mrs. W. G. Beattie entertained some of her Crocker Tract friends with a musical last Sunday evening.

While cutting wood, A. Varni of Hillcrest met with a painful accident that required three stitches to close the wound.

Mrs. C. Griffin has about recovered from an attack of scarlatina, and Health Officer, Dr. Beattie, has raised the quarantine.

John Gegax, who lives on Vista avenue, near Garden street, returned this week from a two months' sojourn in Los Angeles.

The popular, genial Professor Savage made quite a hit with the young ladies at the entertainment and dance Saturday evening.

Superintendent Jensen of Mt. Olivet Cemetery is making decided improvements along the boulevard frontage of the cemetery.

The county, under direction of Supervisor Casey, is putting in a 3-foot sewer across Mission road near Home of Peace Cemetery.

Ed Bauer and wife, Master Freddie and Miss Tillie Kunze left Wednesday for a two weeks' visit and sightseeing trip in Los Angeles.

Mrs. Wm. Pengalley of Colma underwent an operation at Trinty Hospital last week and is doing nicely under the care of Dr. Beattie.

The charming daughters of Supervisor Casey were given a serenade Sunday evening by some of the prominent Colma musicians.

The stork arrived early Sunday morning at the home of M. Lynch, leaving a bouncing nine-pound boy. Mother and baby doing well.

Some time during Monday night the Junction restaurant was broken into and the telephone box was broken open and rifled of its contents.

A. Bocci has moved into his new home, erected by Mr. Ottiboni, where he has an elegant view and is comfortably situated in every way.

Those of the Record's subscribers whose time have expired should be prompt in their renewal, as the money is needed to make further improvements.

The First Grand Ball of El Camelo Parlor, No. 181, N. D. G. W., is announced to take place at Colma Hall Saturday evening, May 14th. Tickets 25 cents. *

The streets of the Crocker Tract are being improved in appearance with the acacia trees that are being set out, the same as was done in Hillcrest recently.

The new Hillcrest Theater building is being raised and an extra force of men were put on yesterday so as to push the building to completion as rapidly as possible.

H. L. Carmichael has made a big improvement in the Mission Tract Grocery that he recently purchased, adding a new stock of clean goods at the lowest prices. *

The Helpful Guild met Wednesday with Mrs. Dr. Rowland, 117 Peoria, where cake and coffee was served and a general pleasant time. Several new members were admitted.

Mickey Griffin informs us that he will leave shortly for the East to look after an estate of a deceased relative and expects to visit Ireland before returning to California.

Harry Matham, who fell from a building at Home of Peace Cemetery and sustained a fracture of the left arm, is reported as doing nicely under the treatment of Dr. Beattie.

No need to go to the city for **Job Printing.** The Record has installed a beautiful outfit, first class in every particular, latest designs in type and every modern facility for producing perfect results. *

Mrs. Tina Flaherty, the talented lady who conducted the Record so nicely during the editor's recent illness, is now proving herself equally efficient in beautifying the surroundings of her new bungalow.

Complaints are of an every-day occurrence because of the lack of water in Hillcrest, and the American Real Estate Company is condemned severely because of their utter failure to fulfill their agreement.

Mrs. M. A. Johnson, 614 Mission Road, has added to her dry goods stock a line of ready-to-wear ladies' shirtwaists and children's dresses. Also Union-made overalls for men and boys. Special prices this week. *

The census enumerators in the Colma district are C. A. Kirkpatrick for the first and second precincts of Vista Grande, and Herman Frank for the first and second precinct of Colma. They begin their work today, April 15.

Chas. P. Lambert, the monumental worker, is an expert at his profession and makes a specialty of letter-cutting on monuments in cemeteries—gilded if desired. Shop and residence near Mt. Olivet and the Italian cemeteries.*

The city election in South San Francisco Monday resulted as follows: Trustees, Dan McSweeney, Dr. McGovern, Thomas Hickey, M. F. Healey and Fred Cunningham; clerk, W. J. Smith; marshal, Henry Kneese; treasurer, L. Kauffman.

There will be a dance at Knowles' Hall Saturday evening, April 16th, given by the Vista Grande Volunteer Fire Company. Extensive preparations are being made and a good time is assured. Union music. Admission, 50 cents, ladies free.

LOST—At Colma hall, on Saturday evening, April 2, a purse containing change and key (Penn latch key No. 358,422), key the most valuable. Finder please return the key to Mrs. McLean, 817 Bellevue avenue, Station L, San Francisco, Crocker Tract. *

The large number of subscribers who have renewed their faith in the Record for another year is indeed encouraging. 'Tis a pleasure to know that the Record is giving such fine satisfaction, as has been expressed by the large number who have called this week.

On April 15th a large number of subscriptions to the Record will expire, and quite a number expire with the present issue. It is hoped that the paper's friends will be prompt in sending in their renewals, as many needed improvements are being contemplated.

Supervisor Casey, the king of entertainers, reports having a rousing good time at the entertainment and dance Saturday night, and no doubt the ladies are realizing that Jim is the Lion of the Ballroom, inasmuch as he is acknowledged to be of authority on good roads.

Out of over 300 subscribers, whose term of subscription has expired with the closing of the Record's first year, but one has ordered the paper discontinued. That one is a self-alleged business man who gets his "special sale" dodgers printed down town. Wise guy (?)

BRIGHTER DAYS

A General Spirit of Prosperity Comes With The April Showers---The Gardeners Are Happy---A Remarkable Activity In Building Improvements

The Record's New Job-Printing Department Is Greeted With a Larger Patronage Than Expected---The "Pink Tea" Party A Grand Success---Grand California Weather Lake Merced For The PANAMA-PACIFIC WORLD'S FAIR SHOW

The entertainment and dance at Knowles' Hall Saturday evening, given by the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Crocker Tract Improvement Club, was a perfect success in every particular. Over four hundred were present, and the unanimous verdict is that the affair was classy and refined. The farce, "Mrs. Busby's Pink Tea," could not have been improved, and words of praise were heard on every hand, of the efficient and charming performance of the participants. In this connection it is but fitting to speak of the valuable assistance rendered by Mrs. G. D. Harper, Jr., of 877 Filbert street, San Francisco, who kindly gave her services in preparing the "Pink Tea" and drilling the actors. Beautiful music and the most enjoyable dance followed the farce.

The Record's new job-printing department was put into commission Saturday morning and tested in its efficiency with splendid result. After printing a beautiful calling card, the artistic program for the "Pink Tea" entertainment of that evening was rushed through and completed on time, with the assistance of James Fogarty, a union printer from the city. Other jobs have followed and there is quite a lot of work already in sight, including one job of 25,000 impressions. From the quarter-card down to the dainty Misses cards, envelopes, letterheads, statements, billheads and everything else in the printing line with perfect satisfaction guaranteed.

The refreshing rains of the past few weeks, followed as it has been with the beautiful California sunshine, has made fine growing weather, and the garden farmers are just spillin their joy around everywhere because of their excellent crop prospects. The gardens of the Colma district are almost world-famous already, and this season they will make a new record because of the unsurpassible conditions.

That the Record is giving good satisfaction is manifest in the large number of subscribers who have renewed their faith in the paper for another year. Quite a number have yet to be heard from, but it is not likely that there will be any falling off.

One of the main principles of unionism and of union men is to patronize home industry. A local business (?) man who gets his printing down town, thereby forfeits all rights to claim patronage out here. Be sure that the Record imprint and Union Label is on all circulars or dodgers.

Last Tuesday the city of Milwaukee, with a population of 300,000, elected a Socialist mayor and 14 out of 23 aldermen. This is the first time that the Socialists have secured control of an American city, and the result will therefore be watched with great interest, for no doubt capitalism will train its strongest batteries to thwart the good intentions of the new Milwaukee administration.

There will be a musical and literary social for the benefit of the Vista Grande M. E. Church on Saturday evening, April 16, 1910, at 8 p. m. sharp. An excellent program is being prepared of local talent, and in addition there will be a concert by the Chinese Mission Children of Alameda. Also a San Francisco orchestra of six pieces, and ice cream and cake served. Tickets, 25 cents; children, 15 cents, including refreshments. *

Information Wanted—On July 19, 1907, a northbound San Mateo suburban car, on Mission road, in front of the Fuse Works, collided with a Beacon Storage wagon, upon which two boys, Louis and Ralph Barnes, were riding, injuring them so badly that Louis had his leg amputated, while Ralph's face was badly lacerated. Any person who witnessed the accident will confer a great favor upon the boys and their parents by communicating with Henry S. Barnes, 711 Myrtle street, Vista Grande.

Declaration Amended.

Arabella—Lil is going to marry Dick, is she? Isn't that just too ridiculous to talk about!

Estella—I should say not. It's too ridiculous to keep still about.

Will Move Hydrographic Office.

Sacramento.—The office of the hydrographic branch of the U. S. geological survey, of which W. B. Clapp is head, will be moved from Los Angeles to Sacramento, according to information received by State Engineer Ellery from Washington. The office will be in Sacramento on July 1 if present plans are carried out. The office is being moved because the Government desires to centralize the work at the State capital.

Frightened Passengers in Panic.

Dover, England.—An explosion on the British steamer Cairnrona, off Dungeness, wrecked the women's quarters, killng one child and injuring a number of women and children. The steamer caught fire and a panic ensued, in which men, mostly Russian emigrants, fought for the possession of the boats and had to be beaten back by the crew to allow the women to be taken off first. The ship was not badly damaged.

Wouldn't Support His Child.

San Francisco. — Herman Schlott, musician, convicted of failing to support his minor child, was sentenced by Judge Lawlor to serve six months in the county jail and to pay a fine of $500. This was the first conviction in San Francisco under the law passed last year making the offense a felony.

To Make Denatured Alcohol.

Stockton.—A plant for the manufacture of denatured alcohol from grape pomace, potatoes and grain is to be erected by local capitalists. Frank West of the West winery and A. Waldenmeier, the brewer, are among those interested in the project. The site for the distillery has been located along Stockton channel.

Musical and Literary Social.

Musical and Literary Social will be held at Ryan's Hall, corner Merced avenue and Garden street, Vista Grande, under the auspices of the Vista Grande M. E. Church, on Saturday evening, April 16, 1910. The following is the program:

First Part.

1. Overture by orchestra.
2. Miss Myrtle Neuman.....Song
3. Miss Ada Turner.....Recitation
4. Miss Frances Berry .....Song "Lonesome."
5. Miss Bertha Nelson.....Recitation
6. Miss Christina Duffy.....Song "Tittle Tattle."
7. Violin Solo .....South City
8. Chinese Mission Children, from Alameda (8 in number).....Musical Drill

Here an interval of thirty minutes will be given for refreshments, during which time the orchestra will render sweet music.

Second Part.

1. Selection by the orchestra.
2. Miss Sayers and Miss Christensen, song .....“Lead, Kindly Light”
3. South City Quartet.....Song
4. Miss Harriet Webber.....Recitation
5. Eugene Carfield.....Song

Admission, including refreshments, 25 cents; children, 15 cents.

Mrs. T. J Mullins' Ice Cream Parlor

"The Crest"—The new Candy and Ice Cream Parlor, on Mission Road, near the corner of Wellington avenue and opposite Hillcrest Drive, recently opened by Mrs. T. J. Mullins, is a decided improvement and an attractive addition to the hill. Mrs. Mullins, who thoroughly understands her business and the art of pleasing, carries a first-class line of Confections and manufactures her own Ice Cream, Ice Cream Soda and other Ices, **from strictly pure materials only.**. 'Tis a real treat to visit this elegant little resort, because of the perfect manner in which one is served, and its convenience to the street car waiting station makes it particularly desirable. Mr. Mullins, who is the **Sole Resident Agent** of the **American Real Estate Co.** also has his office here, and has a **Public Telephone Booth** for the convenience of those wishing to use the same. *

The United Artizans Organize Here.

Mrs. H. C. Jewell of Golden Gate Assembly, No. 62, in Oakland, is still with us, securing worthy recruits for the Assembly that was organized here Tuesday evening by Grand Instructor, Mrs. Ella Watt. We have a very enthusiastic crowd of workers, and select from the best class of people. We are always pleased if we can get the business heads started on a line of investigation of the business plans of the wealthiest order, per capita, in the United States today. Look us up.

For further particulars address Mrs. H. C. Jewell, care of the Record office, Vista Grande, Cal. *

Free Dental Work For School Children

Having made arrangements with the School Trustees of the Jefferson School District, I am prepared to devote the hours from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m., on Saturdays, to Free Dental Work for School Children. Those desiring to take advantage of this offer can procure cards from Prof. Savage.

Respectfully,

L. B. HOLMES, Colma.
Cor. Price St. and Mission Road. *

Dr. P. D. Rowland's New Office

Dr. P. R. Rowland, of the German Hospital, San Francisco, has opened an office in the corner room of the Knowles building, Hillcrest, where he can be found each evening between 7 and 8 o'clock. During the daytime Dr. Rowland is at the German Hospital, where he can be called by telephoning—Park 349—or at night, he will answer calls from his residence at 117 Peoria street, Crocker Tract.

Claim Car Strike is Ended.

Philadelphia.—Declaring that it had in its employ more than 5000 of the 7000 men needed for the operation of its cars, the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company announced that so far as it was concerned the strike of its former employes was at an end. The leaders of the strike, on the other hand, maintain the strike has settled into a struggle of endurance

Richmond.—Improvements go forward steadily throughout this city. The city council has prepared plans for the grading of the streets and laying of cement sidewalks in various parts of the city.

CAMPAIGN FOR GREAT FAIR NOW ON IN EARNEST

Publicity Committee Formulates Plan for World Wide System of Advertising.

Delegation Will Go to Washington to Urge Claims of California for Panama-Pacific Show.

San Francisco.—The publicity committee for the Panama-Pacific exposition has begun a campaign among all branches of foreign business houses here, and all local firms doing business in other lands to aid in every way in spreading knowledge of what San Francisco purposes to offer the world in the way of entertainment.

As an example of what may be done in the work of educating the earth the committee members point to a local firm of exporters and importers, Maldonado & Co., which has had printed thousands of cards that will be distributed throughout Central and South America.

On the placard is an invitation printed in Spanish to visit the exposition, a hint of the pleasure that may be expected, and the firm's good wishes.

Through letters and telegrams sent out the committee on exploitation and publicity has taken the first step toward securing the indorsement of the Governors of all the Western and Middle Western States and will later endeavor to reach through them all the people of the West. If possible this indorsement of all Western States will be secured prior to the visit of the San Francisco delegation to Washington.

Exposition affairs are now moving with a rush. It is planned that the Washington delegation, to be headed probably by Governor Gillett, shall leave for the East on April 20, and in order to give that committee its most effective weapon, the general indorsement of the West will have to be secured and a large part of the $5,000,000 local fund will have to be subscribed prior to the date of its departure.

Communications are being sent out to the newspapers in every county of California, advising them that news matter concerning the progress of exposition plans will be mailed them from time to time, and soliciting their fullest co-operation to make the project a great success. An elaborate plan of publicity is being arranged, and printed matter is now being prepared which will be ready for distribution within a short time.

Will Deport Demented Aliens.

Oakland.—The Federal law ordering the deportation of aliens who are found to be criminal or insane within three years after their arrival in the United States will be invoked by District Attorney Donahue to rid the county of Alameda of the burden of supporting insane persons who are not citizens, Donahue will inaugurate an immediate crusade.

Finds Son After Many Years.

Arbuckle, Cal.—Mrs. A. E. Guild of Des Moines located here a few days ago a son whom she believed dead for 20 years. The son is E. T. Housel. He came to Caifornia 20 years ago and never wrote home, so that his mother thought him dead. While visiting at Woodland recently Mrs. Guild learned of the whereabouts of her son and came here to visit him.

Dr. F. J. H. Bush, Dentist.

Dr. F. J. H. Bush opened up his Dental Parlors in the Knowles Building, Monday, March 14, 1910, with office hours from 10 a. m. to 7 p. m. on week days, and from 10 a. m. to 1 p. m. Sundays, and respectfully solicits the patronage of the public. Dr. Bush is a first-class dentist in every branch of his profession, and always gives perfect satisfaction. *

Killed in His Sleep.

Redding.—While walking in his sleep Martin Gallagher, an aged laborer, stepped off the high porch of a building at Round Mountain and was instantly killed, his neck being broken.

COLMA RECORD

Issued Every Friday

J. L. BROWN, Editor and Proprietor

Canada seems to be getting a better neighbor all the time.

Occasionally a comet butts into view without first sending in its card.

Commander Peary wants the Stars and Stripes planted on the South Pole. It is a patriotic idea.

No matter what he says almost every man yearns for the time when he will be rich enough to do as he pleases.

Somebody has presented another medal to the Wright Brothers. Up to Jan. 25, ultimo, the brothers had two nail kegs full of medals.

Trust in Providence is beautiful and blessed, but if you jump into holes with your eyes open and think Providence will pull you out you are a sucker.

One of the professors says woman's senses are less acute than those of man. He probably bases his decision on the fact that a woman can get along all winter with low shoes.

What a lucky thing it would be if a good constitutional lawyer could occasionally be induced to examine a bill before the Legislature wasted time and oratory in passing it.

A burglar stole diamonds worth $300,000 from a woman's room in a New York hotel. We shall probably hear, now, how he overlooked $80,000,000,000 in cash which was lying on the dresser.

It appears that it was Rowland Hill who invented the adhesive postage stamp, but to our glory be it said it was an American government contractor who invented the non-adhesive postage stamp.

Dr. Felix Adler states that Americans are maniacs for work. It isn't so much wealth they desire as work, he thinks. Possibly this accounts for the existence of the Sons of Rest Society. It is the natural reaction.

If the mean man's championship is still open to challenge, the Brooklyn dairyman who was convicted the other day of selling adulterated milk to an orphan asylum certainly has claims upon the title that are worth considering.

An observant Frenchman who has been visiting in New York makes the just comment that Americans do not know how to economize in little things. "Saving five dollars may appeal to them, but saving five cents—no! We believe in France that saving five cents makes it possible for us to save five dollars; and this has made France a rich country."

A suggestion for household economy was given in a scientific lecture recently, when a professor of physics said that the ordinary stove used in most kitchens wastes in a day enough heat to keep food hot for a month. Anything that will cool the kitchen in summer or warm it in winter, whether or not it cooks the meals, will be welcomed by the cooks themselves.

"Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!" wrote Thomas Campbell a century ago. The appeal was heeded, and the great beech which stood near Ardwall House, Kirkcudbright, Scotland, was not cut down. Now, however, it has blown down, and another of the famous trees which have inspired poetry, or been glorified by tradition, is gone. The elm which suggested to George P. Morris his poem of similar sentiment was probably cut down years ago.

Helen continues to retain its popularity as a name for girls. Not long ago it was voted the favorite name by the students of a men's college and it has been discovered, as the result of a canvass of the names of the students in Smith College, that more than a hundred of the total of 1,600 bear that name. Mary, with less than ninety, comes next. Margaret, Ruth, Florence and Elizabeth follow in the same order. The good old-fashioned womanly names have fortunately displaced the fancy names of a generation or so ago.

Per million of population, the number of felonious homicides in 1909 was as follows: In Canada, 3; Germany, 5; England, 11; France, 13; Belgium, the most criminal country in Europe, 15; in the United States, 129. Owing to lax enforcement of law, and the mistaken policy of giving the criminal too many chances for escaping the penalty of his crime, only one out of seventy-four murderers in the United States is convicted. Political and personal influence and the maudlin sentiment that regards crime as disease and a murderer as a sick man to be cured, instead of a dangerous beast to be exterminated, permit the average man-killer in America to escape with seven years in prison. Crime is crime. The murderer is a murderer. The sooner American prisons cease to be pleasant sanitariums for mental abnormals and become institutions for punishment of criminals by hard work and rigid discipline the better for our national reputation.

It is easy to draw a historical contrast between the past and present position of women in the body politic and society. Our sisters who are dissatisfied with their lot may find some comfort in comparing their own status with that of their grandmothers, great-grandmothers and remoter ancestors. The comfort will lie not in rejoicing over the limitations of the women of the past generations, but in the evidence afforded of the great progress made by the sex. But there is a closer and contemporary companion picture which conveys the same lesson. A Tokio newspaper has recently questioned the Japanese commercial commissioners on their return from a tour of investigation in the United States as to what displeased them most among the conditions they encountered on their trip. Among the answers were the following: "Extreme respect paid to women." "Presumptuous attitude of women over men and the mingling of boys among girls in schools." "Too much respect for women." "Unreasonable egotism on the part of women." "Too much pride on the part of women." "To salute any kind of woman." "Unnatural gestures and phraseology of women in talking." These replies were given by some of the most enlightened and progressive men of Japan. Japan has made great progress along many lines, but the notion of the inferiority of women still persists. Her chief duty among them is obedience—obedience to her father before marriage, to her husband after marriage and to her son if she is a widow. She must bow low before her masculine masters. She cannot walk beside her husband on terms of equality, but must follow humbly in the rear. She must carry his packages and perform all the little services which American gallantry prescribes as the part of the male. It is true that these customs, which from our standpoint would be called loutish, never prevailed in American or European society; nevertheless, the notion of the duty of obedience of women in essentials was almost as strong among our ancestors of even 200 years ago. In our modern social life the conditions are practically reversed. It is the man who must be obedient; and it may come to be the same in politics if the present trend continues.

MONKEY CAPTURES BURGLAR

Pelts Him with Crockery and Grapples with Him and Causes Arrest.

After a lengthy sojourn in Madagascar, M. Louis Charmot returned to Paris recently and took up his residence at 43 Rue de Sevigne, the Paris edition of the New York Herald says. He had brought with him, in addition to a number of curios and tapestries, a large monkey named Ernest, which he kept as a pet in his apartment.

While M. Charmot was absent yesterday afternoon a burglar entered the apartment by means of a skeleton key. He was busy making a parcel of a number of objects of value, when the monkey Ernest, who had been hiding in a corner of the dining room, suddenly began to pelt him with a perfect hail of plates, cups, saucers, ash trays, an inkstand and other portable objects at hand.

The burglar first hesitated, and then made a dash at Ernest with a heavy cane. The monkey wisely beat a retreat and climbed on to the top of the buffet. The intruder got a chair to reach the monkey and was about to strike when the monkey jumped at him and, amid a terrible noise of breaking plates and overturned furniture, monkey and man fell together to the floor.

The noise immediately attracted the neighbors and the burglar was quickly overpowered. He turned out to be an erstwhile convict named Georges Redel. Thanks to the monkey the burglar was caught, but the material damage done in the apartment is almost as great as if the burglar had quietly carried the goods away.

A Financial Joke.

"I want to go home quick, my wife has presented me with a fine boy," said a waiter in the Cafe Martin last Saturday to the head waiter.

"Sure thing! Beat it, quick! My, but you're lucky," replied the head waiter. It is the rule at the Cafe Martin that when a son is born in the family of any employe $100 is given to the father and $50 for a girl.

With his face wreathed in smiles, the waiter returned to the restaurant in the afternoon carrying a big baby boy. In the restaurant were John B. Martin and his brother, Louis, Mark A. Mayer and Julian Kauffman. These four retired to the private office of the cafe, with the waiter and the baby, and set about celebrating. Wine was opened and glasses filled. Then while Louis Martin held the baby his brother John rose, and lifting the glass spoke solemn truths on the honor and responsibility of being the father of such a magnificent boy and gave the waiter a $100 bill. Mayer added a $100 bill.

The toast was drunk. The waiter and the baby departed. They had been gone only a few minutes when a little Frenchwoman excitedly entered.

"Where is that waiter?" she demanded.

"He has gone," was the reply.

"He said he only wanted to borrow my 4-months-old baby for a few minutes, and he has been gone an hour and a half. Oh, where is my baby?"

She said the waiter had boarded with her a week and had borrowed the baby to show a friend.—New York World.

Making Him Comfortable.

"But why do you put your friend's things in the dining-room?"

"Oh, he is so used to restaurants that he won't enjoy his dinner unless he can watch his hat and coat."

Every man has theories about raising a family—before he marries.

THE MAN AT THE PLOW HANDLES.

Just a thought in recognition of a fellow who seldom gets into the newspapers. He doesn't make much news. He knows mighty little about the "city ways" of making money. He has a fine liking for clean financial methods and a hearty scorn for all that is crooked. Perhaps it is his manner of living that makes him want to be honest. Let that man see a problem play, one of those things that serve to satisfy the jaded appetites of metropolitan people, and you'll find a splash of red on his tanned cheek and he will wonder how it is possible for women to be present. Tell him about bribery and stock jobbing and franchise stealing and a few of the thousand forms of gouging the public, and you will jar his faith in the natural goodness of humanity.

In the spring this type of good American citizen is following a plow. It is hard work. It puts a big ache in the neck and callouses on the hands. It destroys the complexion. It calls for brown overalls and perspiration. The man is happy in his work. He whistles as he trudges along in the furrow. He clucks to the horses, and finds joy in the freedom of his life. He doesn't go into raptures over green fields and singing brooks and songs of birds. They are a part of his environment. They are routine, but he loves them just the same.

He has an enormous burden on his broad shoulders. He feeds the world. He is the brother of life itself. He toils long hours. His primary object in working is his own welfare. But he feeds the world. He makes existence possible. He is the head of the procession in which are marching the doctor, the lawyer, the banker, the idler. He is the fountainhead of wealth and prosperity. He is the creditor of humanity. It is well to remember with gratefulness this man in overalls, who follows the plow and whistles as the brown earth reveals its richness and prepares to bring forth the fruits of the field.

POPULAR SCIENCE

A cent's worth of electricity, at the average price in this country, will raise ten tons twelve feet high with a crane in less than a minute.

A French chemist has advanced the theory that the odors from vegetation disseminated through the air diminish the actinic powers of the solar radiations sufficiently to affect photography.

No coal is mined in this country lower than a depth of 2,200 feet, while several English mines penetrate 3,500 feet down, and there are mines in Belgium 4,000 feet deep. Eight inch seams of coal are mined commercially abroad, while few veins less than fourteen inches thick are worked in this country.

In a paper read before the Institution of Electrical Engineers at Manchester, England, recently, the maximum output of the five power-stations at Niagara Falls was stated at 320,000 horse-power, distributed over a distance of 150 miles. This distance will soon be increased to 250 miles, and then, said the authors of the paper, such a system of distribution will be in operation as would, if it were installed in England, supply the whole country with the electrical energy it required, from one central station.

Recent experiments by Dr. W. von Oechelhauser, in Germany, have resulted in the production from the decomposition of ordinary coal-gas in vertical retorts of a gas possessing a lifting power of about one kilogram (two and one-fifth pounds) per cubic meter. The lifting power of lighting-gas has been calculated at seven-tenths of a kilogram per cubic meter. Compared with hydrogen, the new gas has a lifting power of in the proportion of 1,000 to 1,050. A balloon of 1,000 cubic meters filled with the new gas would lift 660 pounds more than the same balloon filled with ordinary gas.

The effect of chemistry on civilization, says Dr. Maximilian Toch, has been greater than that of any other science. "Engineering made but little progress until steel and cement, two chemical products, were cheapened, simplified, and made universal." Medicine owes to chemistry the discovery of synthetic drugs, and of anesthetics, and the progress that has been made in the study of metabolism. The twentieth century promises even to outstrip the nineteenth in chemical progress, which will lie in the direction of controlling foodstuffs, applying the raw materials in the earth, and refining of metals.

Practically all the important infirmaries and hospitals in England have their own electric generating stations, and the size of the installations, says the London Times, would surprise the majority of engineers. The equipment has to be designed with unusual care owing to the special conditions which prevail in hospital work. Even where a public supply is available, the use of an independent system is justified on account of the security which it gives against failure of current at a critical moment. The installations are used for lighting, heating, ventilating, telephoning and other purposes, and many hospitals have laundries operated electrically. One county asylum has its own private electric railway for conveying supplies from the nearest railway station.

A Nice Calculation.

Two very dear old ladies walked up to the window where tickets were to be be sold for two popular concerts. They wanted tickets for both nights, but alas! those for the second evening were all gone. This was the more popular entertainment of the two.

"I'm so sorry, my dear!" pattered one of the old ladies to the other. "We did want to go, didn't we, and we wanted to go both nights."

"You couldn't give us two tickets for each night?" inquired the other, of the clerk.

"No, ma'am."

"You haven't two seats anywhere for the second night?"

"No, ma'am. Couldn't give you nose-room."

A great resolution beamed upon her gentle face.

"Then," said she firmly, "give me four tickets for the first night. We will make them do."

"Why, sister," quavered the other, "are you going to invite somebody?"

"No," said she, "but if we can't go both nights——" She paused, bewildered, quite out of her calculation. Then a happy thought struck her, and she added, "We'll go twice the first night."

Turned Round.

It was the first time Bobby had ever been away from home without his mother, and he had gone with some reluctance to visit his city cousins. At the end of three days, instead of the expected week, he returned to his family, accompanied by a letter which stated that the little fellow was so homesick they were really afraid to keep him longer.

"What made you homesick, Bobby?" asked his mother at the confidential bedtime hour.

"I wasn't, 'zactly," said Bobby, "but the sun sets in the wrong place there, mother, over in the east, by our barn, and it scared me so I thought I'd better come home and see if everything was right here—and 'tis!"

New York theater managers estimate that the nightly attendance at the city's places of amusement is 2,600 more than it was one year ago.

Why is it that married women never wear as much false hair as unmarried women?

The stuff used to kill a smell is usually worse than the smell.

DECEMBER AND MAY.

Mating of the Old and the Young Is Now Becoming the Fashion.

What does it matter how old a man is or what the age of a woman is if they wish to marry? What have years to do with love and that felicity that comes from the tying of the nuptial knot? Dr. Johnson's wife was more than twenty years his senior, and Shakespeare's spouse was old enough to be his mother. They were happy, and why should not those who follow their example in these days also find connubial joys?

It is getting to be the fashion nowadays, this mating of December and May, the New York Telegraph says. Recently a wealthy woman of Hartford made plans f rohraodni taoin ford made plans for marrying a schoolboy at New Haven. She was about 70 and he about 20, and her children and grandchildren, when they learned about it, went to the courts and said she was crazy. But the judges knew otherwise, and set her free and let her continue mistress of her own fortune.

Then there was the lady of a noted American family who lived in her mansion on the Hudson. For 68 years she had lived alone, and then she married her hostler, aged 24. What of that? Shall a woman who has lived nearly threescore years and ten and still is an old maid continue so until her death?

Mme. Francoise Mantaiselo, 57 years old, and Arthur Springer, 23 years old, have taken out a license to marry in this city. Speaking for the lady and himself, Master Springer made this statement: "It is no one's business except ours if we marry." The boy is right; he can marry his step-grandmother if he wishes, and not even the law can say him nay.

Why We Cough, Sneeze and Sigh.

One of the most interesting facts about the human body is its power of self-preservation—its power of evading or overcoming the thousand and one conditions which, unless corrected would be injurious or destructive.

Among the most common of these acts of self-preservation are the cough, the sneeze and the sigh. Every one is familiar with these acts; yet few people ever ask themselves the cause, and fewer still could explain them.

One of the simplest of the body's devices for self-protection is the cough. The cough is merely a blast of air propelled from the lungs in such a manner as to forcibly dislodge some foreign substance which has been drawn into the throat, the windpipe or the tubes leading to the lungs. The membranes lining these parts of the body are very sensitive, and when a foreign matter comes in contact with them, an alarm message is at once sent to the nervous "headquarters," and the result is the sudden, spasmodic expulsion of breath which is called a cough. Very often the cough is accompanied by the irritation of the accumulation of mucous on the surface mentioned. In this case, as in the case of a foreign body, the cough is merely a means of expelling the matter.

So, you see, a cough is merely one of nature's methods of self-protection. The ordinary cough cure contains some drug which, by paralyzing the nerves, prevents the cough and allows the mucous to accumulate. Thus the cough medicine does only harm. The cure for cough is to cough—to cough until the excessive deposit is removed. Meantime, of course, measures should be taken to prevent added deposits.

A sneeze is exactly like a cough, save that the obstruction occurs in the nostrils, owing to the deposit of some irritant or foreign matter, and that the blast of air is thrown out through the nose instead of through the throat and mouth.

Why do we sigh? When grieved or depressed, the tendency is to hold the breath. This means that the body suffers for oxygen; and the long, deep breath which we call a sigh is merely a means by which the body obtains for itself the necessary amount of oxygen.—Dr. W. R. C. Latson, in Health Culture.

Her One Anxiety.

Thrown from her luxurious motor car, the fair girl had lain insensible for many hours. Now, however, the operation was over, consciousness had returned and she spoke faintly in the darkened room.

"Yvonne?"

"Yes, mademoiselle." The maid bent over her.

"Yvonne, tell me. Did I, or did I not, have on my new silk stockings?"—Judge.

Bliss for Her.

Miss Sweet—Poor Belle's in trouble. She's had proposals from two men and she doesn't know which to accept.

Miss Elder—Goodness mercy! You don't call that trouble.—Boston Transcript.

Fair Office Exchange.

Stenog—Oh, Frank, will you please sharpen my pencil?

Clerk—Yes, if you'll please sew on this button.—Boston Herald.

Sometimes fate sets a man up on a high pedestal for the purpose of giving him a hard fall

FLASHES OF FUN

"Do you give your wife an allowance?" "No, she takes it."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Jones (at the ball, to Mrs. Catterson)—How beautifully your daughter sits out her dances.—Life.

"You used to be an awful spendthrift." "Yep. But I ain't any longer." "Ah! Reformed?" "No—I spent it all."—Cleveland Leader.

"Who was the greatest financier ever known?" "Noah; because he floated his stock when the whole world was in liquidation."—Tit-Bits.

"I never dare to look down when I'm standing on a high place," said Mrs. Lapsling. "It always gives me an attack of verdigris."—Chicago Tribune.

Miss Rogers—How did you imagine anything so beautiful as the angel in your picture? Artist—Got an engaged man to describe his fiancee to me.—Brooklyn Life.

"Do you like my new hat?" asked Mrs. Brooke. "Yes, indeed," replied Mrs. Lynn. "I had one just like it when they were in style."—Lippincott's Magazine.

"How did you enjoy the musicale?" "Oh, I applauded at the wrong time, as usual. Thought the orchestra tuning up was a classical number."—Kansas City Journal.

"I want to look at some dresses suitable for automobiling," said the lady. "Yes, ma'am," replied the polite clerk; "these walking skirts are the thing."—Yonkers Statesman.

Pedestrian—How far is it to Aldershot? Let me see. Well, as the crow flies—— Footsore Tommy—Never mind 'ow the beggar flies; 'ow far is it as the beggar 'ops?—Punch.

Caller—How pleased you must be to find that your new cook is a stayer. Hostess—My dear, don't mention it. She's a stayer, all right, but unfortunately she's not a cook.—Boston Transcript.

Mr. Figg—Gasser says he kept perfectly cool last night when that burglar got into the house. Mrs. Figg—So his wife told me. She found him trying to hide in the refrigerator.—Boston Transcript.

"Do you ever find it desirable to oppose your wife?" "Yes," answered Mr. Meekton. "I always feel less likely to annoy Henrietta if I can avoid being her partner in a bridge game."—Washington Star.

"Father," said Little Rollo, "what is a happy medium?" "I suppose, my son, that it is one who can earn several hundred dollars a day by making tables and chairs move around the room."—Washington Star.

"Meg!" No answer. "Maggie!" he called softly. Complete silence. "Madge!" Not a sound. "Margaret!" Then he whistled softly before making his final effort. "Marguerite!" And a flute-like voice replied in the distance—"Yes, darling!"

Physician—Have you any aches or pains this morning? Patient—Yes, doctor; it hurts me to breathe; in fact, the only trouble now seems to be with my breath. Physician—All right. I'll give you something that will soon stop that.—Boston Globe.

"Yes," admitted the modest young man. "I have broken off the engagement. I have been thinking it over for a long time, and I've come to the conclusion that a girl who can love an idiot like me must be wanting in both taste and intelligence!"

Father-in-Law—I suppose you are aware, Henry, that the check for $10,000 I put among your wedding presents was merely for effect. Groom—Oh, yes, sir! and the effect was excellent. The bank cashed it this morning without a question.—Boston Transcript.

Irate Woman—These photographs of myself and husband are not at all satisfactory, and I refuse to accept them. Why, my husband looks like a baboon! Photographer—Well, that's no fault of mine, madam. You should have thought of that before you had him taken.

"I have a good position to offer a worthy college graduate. I presume you have some fine young man in your senior class?" "Sure," said the professor. "What are your requirements? Would a football player suit you, or do you prefer a mandolin expert?"—Washington Herald.

Proud "Autumn" Father—Bless me, it's really marvelous about that baby of mine. You'll hardly credit it, but every time it looks up into my face it smiles—positively smiles. The "Fed-up" Friend—Well, I suppose even a baby has some glimmering sense of humor.—The Sketch.

"Johnny," said the boy's mother, "I hope you have been a nice, quiet boy at school this afternoon." "That's what I was," answered Johnny. "I went to sleep right after dinner, and the teacher said she'd whip any boy in the room who waked me up."—Boston Sunday Post.

"Well," said a traveler in the train one evening, "speaking of long lives, my dear aunt died at the age of one hundred and six." "That's nothing," said a drummer. "I had a grandmother who died at two hundred and twenty-three." "Do you want us to believe that a relation of yours died at two hundred and twenty-three? It is not only improbable, but utterly impossible," snapped the first. "Not at all. She died at two hundred and twenty-three Broad street."

A DEPARTMENT for WOMEN

Marriage and Divorce.

Answering the query, "Why so many divorces?" Life offers six answers: First, because of the decline of authority. Everybody in the country wants to be his own boss, and is so, as far as possible. Nobody wants to obey unless obedience matches inclination. Second, because there are so many more ways than there were a generation ago for a woman to make a living. Third, because the price of living is so high. Men abandon their wives in shocking numbers because the job of maintenance is heavy and they get tired of it. Fourth, because women require much more and give less than they did a generation ago. They have been carefully endowed by law in most States with rights and privileges proper to independence. Fifth, because distractions have greatly increased in American life in a generation. Sixth, church influences, for the time being, are weaker than they used to be, and dramatic influences are more pervasive; church influences favor continuity in marriage; dramatic influences favor variety. There are plenty more reasons, but six are enough. The wonder is that, in the face of such convincing reasons as these, about nine marriages to every ten still hold good. All things considered, marriage seems incorrigibly proper even in this restless and progressive country. The united state being difficult and expensive to achieve, it is bad business for those who have attained to it to relapse back into the condition of the untied.

The Servant Girl Disappearing.

During the last thirty years the demand for servants has doubled, while the supply has increased only by half—in the last decade only by 5 per cent. In 1870 there was one to every twelve; even in the recent crisis, when the cities were filled with unemployed, the demand still outran the supply. And yet, during the thirty years past, the number of self-supporting women—that is, the actual labor market—has more than trebled. Forty years ago a woman thrown upon her own resources would tend to select housework for a living; in fact, one woman in two did so select. Thirty years ago only every third woman entered domestic service. Ten years ago only one in four rapped at the kitchen door. The other three applied—where?

Everyone knows; at the shop, the factory, the store.—McClure's Magazine.

Afternoon Gown

At a recent fashionable luncheon the hostess was gowned in an unusually effective gown, made on lines suggested in our sketch. It was ciel-blue satin, cut en princesse and trimmed with silver buttons on sleeves, around collar and down front of blouse to point where the overdress of black chiffon velvet started. This continued to waist line, its fullness there confined in a plaited girdle. Attached to the bottom of girdle was a smartly shaped tunic, whose every line was perfect. Tiny blue chiffon violets trimmed bottom of tunic and top of upper bodice.

About Buying Bargains.

Some women seem to be born with "clothes sense." Others acquire it through long and expensive experience. And some never have it. There are very few women who are not amenable to the temptation of a bargain. And the bargain in the hands of the woman of judgment is a great aid toward dressing well on a small sum.

On the other hand, it is often a great stumbling block in the way of one who has not learned discrimination. Merely because a thing is cheap is no good reason for its purchase. It is best to study the needs of the wardrobe. In planning the wardrobe make out a list of what you already have on hand. Then in buying the new things see that they harmonize with the older clothing you wish to wear them with. For instance, if you have a blue tailor-made suit left over from last year, which will serve another season, and you wish to get a new dress and a new hat to wear with both the dress and the suit, do not get a purple hat and brown dress. The thing to do is to get both to harmonize with the left-over suit. Women who buy like this are always well dressed, and they spend far less money in the process than women who buy indiscriminately without regard for fitness or color.

TYPICAL DESIGNS FOR SHIRTWAISTS.

This year it is evident that extraordinary attention has been paid to small details in the fashioning of lingerie blouses. One of the most noticeable features borrowed from the dressmakers' models is the tendency to simulate a side-front closing. Many of the more elaborate of the new blouses give the appearance of fastening easily and quickly, just at the left side of the front. As a matter of fact, the closing is effected by means of minute buttons and tiny loops hidden away under a tucked flap at the back. Other blouses demonstrate the extent of the Russian influence on the fashions jabot, finished with narrow tucks. Graduated embroidered buttons were placed as shown in the cut, and the collar and cuffs were embroidered. The sleeves of the new waists are anything but monotonous and so long as they are not plain they are fairly sure to be acceptable in view of the multitude of varying styles.

Will Need All Her Tact.

Mrs. Herbert John Gladstone, whose husband is now Governor General of United South Africa, is said to be a very fit companion for him in his difficult task of governing this part of the world with satisfaction to everyone concerned. She is a woman of most gracious mien and infinite tact, which qualities will be very necessary to her in her new position. She is the daughter of Sir Richard Paget and of a family of Conservatives, but is, no doubt, able to adapt herself to her husband's politics.

Hint for Cleaning.

Clean silver toilet articles with a paste of alcohol and whiting. It will not scratch the surface of plain silver. A soft brush should be used to get the paste into crevices. Wipe with chamois or soft cotton and brush the embossed or engraved parts with a soft bristle brush. A solution of salts of tartar will clean white bristles nicely, and if well rinsed the brushes will look new.

Fads and Fancies in Dress

Lace girdles are seen.

Coat gowns are to continue popular.

Many a summer gown will have the skirt made up of a series of ruffles of varying length.

The newest black silk stockings are embroidered up to the instep with tiny jet beads.

Dresses of colored embroidery on white will be found among the gowns for summer wear.

Lapels of coats are faced with moire, velvet or satin, the long separate coats oftener than otherwise having a collar of caracul, astrakhan, mink or other fur.

In place of the long-used white net or lace yoke, one finds the self-colored net or lace once more conspicuous and the lower sleeve is also of the dyed net or lace.

Children's styles are strongly Napoleonic. They, as well as their mothers, are wearing the military coat without the capes, fastened up the side with heavy gold or braid frogs.

Frocks of batiste, Swiss and Paris muslin, daintily hand embroidered and lace trimmed, are among the most becoming gowns for young girls where the occasion demands them.

Tulle is nearly always becoming and makes a satisfactory finish to nearly every sort of evening frock. With a high-necked gown a narrow fold of it at the throat instead of lace or ruching is often more becoming. It softens harsh outlines and has the effect of youthfulness.

To Clean Upholstered Chairs.

An upholstered chair can be cleaned of a great amount of dust if an old towel is dampened and placed over the upholstered part and then beaten with a rattan carpet beater. As the towel collects the dust it should be rinsed clean and the process repeated. This is a method of dusting a chair when there is no yard for one to take the furniture into, and it is done to keep the dust from flying over the room, settling on other pieces.

To Appear Well-Gowned.

Use hairpins, visible, invisible and all kinds.

Wear a net or thin veil to keep in vagrant locks.

Cleanse your face with cream every night before going to bed.

Keep your shoes polished and don't allow the heels to become run over.

Wear immaculate neckwear, a clean shirtwaist and gloves without holes.

Don't allow the public glimpses of a soiled white skirt or a shredded silk one.

Don't wear your collar pins awry, and don't forget to sew on missing buttons.

Don't display a hole in your stocking right above your heel when you hold up your dress.

Don't go around with soiled nails or nails that are as vindictively long as a mandarin's.

Don't wear a veil with a slit across the face, and don't wear one at all unless you can adjust it neatly.

But, above all, look at your back in the glass before you start out; the punishment of Lot's wife does not await you if you do.

Some Chic Bandeaux.

A group of becoming bandeaux, to be worn with the latest fashion in coiffures, is shown here. The one on the left is a particularly dainty thing and would be most becoming on blonde tresses; it is fashioned of silver tissue and pearls, and a buckle formed of the same holds on the right a stiff white aigrette. The center figure wears a twist of black velvet holding a golden sheaf of wheat. The right is a girlish bandeau of satin ribbon held by a jeweled buckle and terminating in a bow of the ribbon low on the neck.

MODOCS' EXILE ENDED.

They Return to Oregon After Forty Years' Imprisonment.

The Modoc Indians in Oklahoma are going home—not to the lava beds in California, whence they were taken to the Quapaw Indian reservation nearly forty years ago, but to the Klamath reservation of the Modocs in Oregon, where they will get land in exchange for their allotments in Oklahoma, the Kansas City Times says.

The Modocs have been homesick ever since they went to Oklahoma, and their return to the Northwest is the result of their constant appeal to the authorities at Washington.

The removal of the Modocs to Oklahoma followed their defeat after their bloody campaign against government troops in the lava beds, where they were commanded by Capt. Jack. They assassinated and butchered all except two of the peace commission sent to them by the Secretary of War.

When the Modocs reached Oklahoma there were thirty-nine men, fifty-four women and sixty children, many of whom were sorely wounded. Among them were such notable leaders as Scarfaced Charley, Steamboat Frank and Shacknasty Jim. Age and disease have cut down the Modocs until only sixty remain. Nearly all their old leaders have died.

In going to the Klamath country, from which they fled when they entered the lava beds in California, these Modocs will be among the Klamath Modocs, whom they thoroughly hate and despise because of the arrogance of the Klamath band.

The Oklahoma Modocs were moved from California to Oregon, only to have their Oregon kinsmen say to them:

"You can stay here, but it is our country. Your horses can eat the grass, but it is our grass. You can catch fish, but they are our fish."

This was more than Capt. Jack and his people could bear, and they stole away and returned to their old haunts in California. When the Federal government tried to make them go back to Oregon the Modocs began fighting and sought refuge in the inaccessible lava beds.

A commission was sent to treat with them. The commission established its camp about two miles from the retreat of the Modocs, in the lava beds, and midway was pitched a tent at which the council should be held.

No sooner had the commissioners assembled in the tent than they found that death was at hand. Capt. Jack suddenly shot Gen. Canby, adviser of the commissioners. Rev. Ebenezer Thomas, a commissioner, also was slain and his body robbed and mutilated. Two of the commissioners escaped.

The United States government then put a large body of troops in the field, and the Modocs were pursued night and day until they surrendered, Oct. 2, 1873. Capt. Jack, Black Jim, Boston Charley and Schronchin Jim were hanged at Fort Klamath, Ore., for the murder of Canby and Thomas. Soon afterward the California Modocs were taken to Indian Territory.

MEN ALSO HAVE RIGHTS.

Man's Breach of Promise Suit Foreshadows Penalties for Women.

If women are to have the rights that men enjoy, with those rights, it may be, will go certain penalties, the New York Telegraph says. It may even be perilous for a woman to change her mind about the important question of matrimony. Leicester M. Pond, an architect of Spokane, Wash., has brought suit against Miss Bessie Kelley, described as a "prominent society bud" of Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Mr. Pond used to live in Poughkeepsie, and he and Miss Kelley belonged to the same tennis club, and, according to his sworn statement, became engaged on June 2, 1908. Then Mr. Pond moved to Spokane and established himself as an architect. The date for the wedding was fixed for June 22, 1909, and on April 26 preceding the date their engagement was announced.

Mr. Pond left Spokane on June 10, 1909, for Poughkeepsie and arrived there a week later. Miss Kelley asked to have the wedding postponed, and, Pond consenting, it was put off until October of last year. He went back to Spokane and in July received a letter from Miss Kelley telling him the engagement was broken and there would be no wedding.

After thinking the matter over for some time Mr. Pond brought suit against Miss Kelley for $25,000.

(N. B.—Miss Kelley has no money, but her father has millions.)

In his complaint Mr. Pond declares that he spent $2,500 in preparing for the wedding and that he wishes the balance because of mental grief, mortification, humiliation, ridicule and contempt of business associates.

If a woman is entitled to damages for these things, is not a man also? Are they not both on the same level? The outcome of the suit may make a precedent.

A Social War.

"See here, old man, every time my wife orders a gown your wife orders two gowns."

"Yes?"

"Whereupon my wife goes your wife one better."

"Well?"

"Can't we arbitrate this matter?"—Pittsburg Post.

Not for Him.

"How about going to the theater tonight?" inquired the young lady.

"What, and miss seeing the new comet?" responded the economical young man?—Louisville Courier-Journal.

There are about 26,800 worms to an acre of cultivated land.

YOUNG FOLKS

Chinese Fans.

When Nell and Namie tire of dolls,
And all their romps and toys,
They sit down, oh, so silently,
Without the slightest noise.

They borrow both my biggest fans,
And, when I look, I see
Two little Chinese ladies fine
Who sip their cups of tea.

They've really changed entirely,
For neither little maid
Was ever so demure before,
So modest and so staid.

They bow and smile so pleasantly
In this strange game of play,
With all the quiet gravity
Known only in Cathay.

That, as I sit there watching them,
I wonder why can't we
Import the Chinese customs, too,
When we import their tea.

Word-Guessing.

"Haven't you something new for us, Aunt Ruth?" asked Bertha.

"I'm afraid I am thought out," Aunt Ruth said, laughing. "Though I believe something did pop into my head the other night."

"It isn't much of a game," she said, presently, "but it may help out some of these rainy hours."

The four drew their chairs nearer, alert to hear what Aunt Ruth had to tell.

"We will begin with the first five letters of the alphabet. Alice, Bertha and Carl may as well use their initials, and Norton and I will take D and E. Alice, you may give us the definition of a word whose first or last letter is A. Then we will try to guess it."

"Well," said Alice, "my letter ends something I like in puddings and cakes."

"Sugar!" shouted Norton, and then joined in the laugh at his blunder.

"Vanilla," guessed Carl, which was right.

"Mine begins something we cannot live without," said Bertha.

"Bread?" ventured Alice.

"No. Besides, we can live without that."

"Breakfast?" asked Norton.

"No, indeed! Plenty of people don't eat breakfast."

"Breath," guessed Aunt Ruth, and then it was her turn.

"It ends a precious stone," said Aunt Ruth.

"Sapphire!" cried Norton.

"Right. Now give us a D word."

"Something I like to eat," said Norton.

"Dates," guessed Carl.

"Dumplings," asked Aunt Ruth.

"No," laughed Norton.

"What can it be?" wondered Alice.

The tinkle of a bell in the hallway told them it was dinner time.

"Let's go out and get it!" shouted Nortion.

"Oh—dinner!" they cried. "Why didn't we think of that before?"—Youth's Companion.

"Hidden Telegrams."

In this game you are to imagine you have a distant friend with whom you have an understanding about an expected message. It might be that there are two or three contestants for a certain prize or honor. The name of one might be Jenkins, that of another Harrison, and that of the third Sheldon. Suppose Jenkins is the successful contestant, and that you wish to telegraph to your friend simply the name of Jenkins. However, you wish to conceal the message as much as possible, so the understanding is that the first letters of the words you telegraph will spell the name.

With this explanation each player sets to work to write a clever sentence in which the first letters will spell Jenkins. The various players may get sentences like these:

Judge Engles never knew I noticed Sally.

Julia's elbow next knocked Irish Nora silly.

Jack expects no kiss in Nova Scotia.

Jam eating nearly killed Ikey Natham Saturday.

It is impossible that there will be any two alike, and the game is to see who can write the cleverest.

The telegrams are read aloud and the players vote to see whose is best.—Chicago Daily News.

WHAT CAME OF A NICKNAME

Incongruous nicknames may lead those who bear them into strange mishaps. In "Family Names and Their Story," the Rev. S. Baring-Gould tells what befell a girl whose intimate friends and family called her "Jack Spratt." One winter, when living in a German town with her father, Colonel Smith, the man she was engaged to sent her a letter which he thoughtlessly addressed to "Miss Jack Spratt." Two days later a messenger arrived at Colonel Smith's door with a summons to attend at the postoffice the next morning between eight o'clock and noon.

He obeyed, and found that the summons concerned the letter.

Who was Jack Spratt? How long had he been an inmate of the colonel's house? No intimation of such a person had been sent to the police, and according to law, no stranger could reside for over three days in the town without legitimation by the police.

The colonel, in broken German, explained that his daughter was familiarly known as Jack Spratt.

He was requested to take a seat while the police were communicated with. Half an hour later the head of the police arrived, and the matter was discussed between him and the postmaster.

The chief of police then, turning to the colonel, stated that he had the paper of legitimation of Miss Isabel Smith, but not of Jack Spratt.

In vain did Colonel Smith reiterate his statement that this was a joke. German officials do not comprehend jokes, and it was finally concluded that the latter must be opened to ascertain to whom it actually was addressed.

The letter was opened. It began: "My dear Jack. You are a regular ripper——"

When this was read the face of the Oberpolizei became grave.

"Der wahrhaftige Aufschneider!" he exclaimed. "We have at last obtained a clue to the discovery of the criminal who a few years ago committed such atrocious acts in London, and who has been the author of similar cases recently in Berlin."

The colonel explained that "ripper" was a term of admiration and endearment much affected by lovers and young ladies.

The police assumed a still sterner expression. "Herr Oberst," said he, "this passes everything—that a person calling himself a gentleman should address to a lady delicately brought up a disgusting and horrible epithet derived from the acts of Jack the Ripper as a term of endearment and commendation. Herr Oberst, you must understand that, under the circumstances, your house must be subjected to a domiciliary visit!"

Doubtless no one had ever dreamed that a little girl who was nicknamed Jack Spratt because she could eat no fat would ever, on account of the nickname, be the cause of so grave a disturbance in German officialdom.

Winter Moving Pictures.

Twenty-five people, representing manufacturers of moving-picture films with branch headquarters in Los Angeles, arrived in Chicago the other day in their private car, loaded down with frontier costumes and paraphernalia, including eight huskies or Malmute dogs, half wolf, in charge of a man who formerly used them to carry the United States mail in Alaska, says a Truckee dispatch to the San Francisco Chronicle.

Recently they took an Alaskas scene. One of the woman members of the company, dressed in Alaskan costume on snowshoes, was pursued through the woods by a pack of dogs representing wolves. When she was almost exhausted, with the dogs close on her heels, several men with guns rushed on the scene just in time to save her life.

The heaviest scene will be a series of moving pictures depicting Robert E. Peary and a number of Eskimos making a dash for the north pole through the ice behind his loaded sleigh and dogs. Part of this scene will be on Doner Lake, which is completely frozen over now, and will certainly be realistic.

What "Mercerized" Means.

Mercerized cotton was first introduced as a substitute for silk some ten or twelve years ago, although the process of making it was invented about 1840 by a celebrated English dyer, John Mercer. He discovered that when cotton, either in cloth or yarn, was subjected for a short time to the action of strong caustic alkali, and then thoroughly washed, the resulting material was much stronger than before, had shrunk very considerably and had a much greater affinity for dyestuffs. Mercer patented his discovery and made some use of it in calico printing, but the process was nearly forgotten until, in 1889, it was discovered that by proper treatment cotton could by this means be made so lustrous as to compare not unfavorably with silk.

To make cotton lustrous, the goods, after dipping into the strong alkali, are kept firmly stretched, and their strong tendency to shrink resisted, until the alkali has been thoroughly rinsed off and the last traces neutralized with a little acid. If this is done carefully, when finaly dried the cotton fibres will be found drawn out smooth and lustrous, while still retaining their new qualities of strength and increased dyeing power. To get good results in this process the materials treated, whether in yarn or cloth, must be made of the very best and longest stapled cotton, preferably Egyptian, and when well done the results are extremely satisfactory. The lustre is not as good as the very best silk, but it is quite well marked and for replacing the cheap grades of heavily weighted silks, as, for instance, for underwear, linings, etc., the mercerized goods are of very great value, owing to their strength and durability, as well as their cheapness.—Craftsman.

An Optimist.

"Pa, what is an optimist?"

"A man who has four children and continues to think the price of living is no more than it's worth."—Exchange.

Never ask a man how his health is, unless you have a spare half hour to listen to his reply.

COLMA RECORD

Published Weekly

J. L. BROWN

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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(San Francisco Exchange)

Entered as second-class matter October 19, 1909 at the postoffice at Colma, California, under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

FRIDAY, APRIL 15, 1910.

BATHERS MUST BE MODEST IN COSTUME AND CONDUCT

Bizarre Suits, Skirtless Bloomers and Posing Athletes Barred.

Chicago.—Police censorship of bathing costumes has been established in Chicago with the adoption of rules which are to be enforced at beaches this summer.

Chicago's wide, sandy beaches, chiefly along the north shore, are within a short distance of residence districts and on hot days they are crowded with thousands of bathers. The rules governing costumes laid down by Chief of Police Steward are:

"Extremely bizarre costumes must not be worn.

"Women who wear costumes they do not care to get wet must have that made of modest design or they will be ordered off the sands.

"Men who appear on the sands merely to pose as athletes will be ordered away.

"Bloomers without skirts will not be tolerated.

"A censor will stand at the dressing room door to pass upon all costumes."

BUYERS HOLD OFF IN HOPE OF LOWER PRICE FOR GRAIN

Growers Disposed to Wait for Higher Values and Will Store Freely.

Stockton.—The indications for an exceptionally large grain crop have caused the local grain buyers to make sharp cuts in the prices of wheat and barley, and many of them do not care to even make an offer at present. Those who have been watching the conditions assert that while the bumper crop here will have no influence on the general market, it is too early yet to fix prices. It is what is termed between seasons, and outside prices have little effect here.

Locally wheat has declined $2 a ton the past two or three weeks, and barley has dropped sharply. Holders will not accept what they term the low figures of the present, and buyers refuse to increase their bids, leaving trading at a standstill. From the present outlook the local warehouses will be taxed to care for the wheat and barley grown in this territory. Fairly cool weather will increase the plumpness of grain.

INDIAN CENSUS MAY OPEN MORE LAND TO SETTLEMENT

Navajoes Disappearing and Area of Reservation Likely to Be Reduced.

Globe, A. T.—Great interest attaches to the taking of the Indian census in Arizona, as it is believed that it will unfold an interesting situation—the fact that the number of aborigines in the Territory is much less than that reported by the various agents. S. E. Day, special agent appointed to take the Indian census, said that he believed the count would show only 16,000 Navajoes on reserve, while the Government has been paying for the support of more than 30,000.

Aside from the sensational feature provided, if the actual count verifies Day's prediction, a discovery that the number of Indians is far below that listed would mean the throwing of much reservation land open to settlement.

Lost Money Recovered by Uncle Sam.

Washington.—During March more than $5000 went astray in the mails, and through the diligence of the dead letter office $4193 of it was returned to the senders. More than 1,000,000 pieces of mail matter went to the dead letter office during that month, because they did not bear return directions. That number was nearly 80,000 more than in the corresponding month in 1909.

Almond Growers Organize.

Stockton.—The almond growers of San Joaquin county have organized a co-operative company to control and market the almond crops hereafter.

COAST EVENTS OF PAST WEEK TERSELY TOLD

Interesting News Items From States Bordering On the Broad Pacific.

Assemblage of Paragraphs That Present Important Occurrences in Condensed Form.

Sacramento.—Los Angeles furnishes more insane patients than any other city in the State, according to figures compiled by the State Lunacy Commission.

Pasadena.—Hugh E. Montgomery, a wealthy society man and heretofore an enthusiastic club man, took his friends by surprise in an announcement that he is about to take up a three years' course of preparation in order to become an Episcopal minister.

Oakland.—Failing to induce his wife to divorce him by offering money, James B. Hill, a school teacher of Hayward, achieved his desire by a course of beatings, according to the testimony of the wife, Lizzie Hill, who was awarded an interlocutory decree by Judge Harris.

Bakersfield.—Starting in the automobile washroom of the Owners' garage, fire burned 39 automobiles, valued at over $100,000, only four machines being saved. A gasoline explosion immediately after the flames broke forth blew off the roof and prevented the saving of many motor cars.

Auburn.—Ed Bell, brother of Alma Bell, has struck it rich in the Lone Star district, near here. He reported that he came across an almost unlimited amount of gravel which went about $50 to the pan. Bell is a son of the late "Pike" Bell, who became famous for his luck in pocket mining.

Hayward.—For the small sum of $56, barely sufficient to defray the cost to the municipality of the legal advertising of the sale, the People's Light and Power Company purchased a 35-year franchise for erecting poles and wires and supplying electricity to the city of Hayward at the meeing of the board of trustees.

Stockton. — Thomas H. Williams, president of the new California Jockey Club, has sold 3000 acres of his holdings on Union Island, west of this city, to San Francisco parties. The deal amounts to about $250,000. The property disposed of is among the richest delta land in this section, and is so well protected by immense levees that it has never been under water at any time.

San Francisco.—Charles C. Moore, one of the original proponents in 1904 of an international exposition in San Francisco upon the completion of the Panama canal and an active worker toward that end ever since, was unanimously elected chairman of the finance committee of the exposition to succeed W. B. Bourn, who was forced to resign on account of pressure of private affairs.

Los Angeles.—Her ankles strapped together, her wrists bound to her belt, and stubborn and fighting to the last second, Mrs. Kittura B. Osborn, the "Cassie Chadwick of the West," was taken to San Quentin to serve a five-year sentence for obtaining money under false pretenses. She had been in jail two years and had steadfastly declared that she would never serve a day in the State's prison.

San Francisco.—The Pacific Mail liner Siberia, which sailed Tuesday for the Orient, will be known as the tea ship of the year. Fully thirty well-known tea buyers from the East and Europe are booked to travel by the big liner. This is the season of the year the buyers go out to China, Japan and Formosa to look over the crop and place orders for the big shipments of tea which begin about May.

Portland.— Announcement is made that the Imperial Order of Muscovites (the Odd Fellows' Shrine) is forced out of existence by order of Grandsire Kuykendall of the Sovereign Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows. One of the chief reasons, it is said, for the edict is because the Sovereign Grand Lodge has a law to the effect that no auxiliary organization of the order shall be maintained wthout the sanction of the Grand Lodge.

Oroville.—Within the next few weeks the largest consignment of cement probably ever shipped in California is due to pass through Oroville. One thuosand carloads of California cement will be shipped through here for use in the construction of the big dam which the Great Western Power Company is erecting at Big Bend, several miles above here. The cement, of necessity, will all be routed over the Western Pacific, which runs within a few feet of the dam site.

UNCLE SAM THROWS ROCK AT WINDOW GLASS TRUST

Powerful Combine at Pittsburg Had Raised Prices Sixty Per Cent.

Pittsburg.—The Imperial Window Glass Company, incorporated in West Virginia, and sixteen officials and directors have been indicted by a special federal grand jury here on three counts. The indictment charges conspiracy in the restraint of the hand-blown window glass trade in the United States; engagement in illegal competition, and an attempt to monopolize interstate trade.

Recently United States District Attorney Jordan announced federal officers had completed a three months' investigation of the glass industry and would present to the grand jury evidence that the corporation had violated the Sherman anti-trust law. He said that the price of window glass had increased about 60 per cent since the incorporation of the Imperial Window Glass Company.

The secretary of the company, B. R. Johnston of Pittsburg, was not named in the indictment. He appeared as the principal witness for the Government and may, it is said, be granted immunity. He produced before the jury a mass of books, papers, letters and other data.

The companies allowed by the alleged agreement to sell only to the Imperial Company No. 66, representing a capitalization of between $7,000,000 and $8,000,000. Of these sixty-six companies it was testified that twelve were kept closed, the idleness involving an expense of $137,000 a year.

SAN JOSE'S INCINERATING PLANT ITSELF INCINERATED

Garbage Burner Spouts Fire Inside and Out and Quickly Vanishes.

San Jose.—The Carson incinerator, established just south of the city a short time ago, was destroyed by fire Sunday night, and a sensation was caused here when the proprietors alleged that it had been fired by an enemy and offered $5000 for the arrest and conviction of the guilty persons. Sacks saturated with coal oil, discovered in the rear of the building, are being held as evidence. The case has been reported to the sheriff and detectives are making an investigation.

The destruction follows in the wake of a long series of struggles that the sanitary reduction company has made in establishing its plant. Its members recently fought and defeated a proposed bond issue in this city for the construction of a municipal incinerating plant, and afterward erected their own garbage destroyer in Center street. The people in that section fought the project bitterly in the courts, and even held up the garbage wagons, armed with shotguns.

Injunctions were secured and dissolved and misdemeanor accusations of various kinds were brought. Lately all opposition seemed to have been overcome.

Fails Owing Amazing Sum.

San Francisco.—Nathan Cole, Jr., promoter of big enterprises, Democratic politician, conspicuous in that party's affairs in Southern California for many years and who captured the office of Democratic National Committeeman from Theodore A. Bell at the last National Democratic Convention, has filed a voluntary petition in bankruptcy in the Federal Court here with an amazing list of creditors, principally business men, politicians and former friends in the southern citrus belt. His liabilities aggregate $330,000, while against these debts of more than a third of a million are assets that foot up less than $8000. Even that amount is reported to be so secured that it is unavailable for the general creditors.

Can Not Stop Big Fight.

Oakland.—After a lengthy examination into the law regarding prize fights, Assistant District Attorney W. H. L. Hynes has decided that there is no law whereby the Jeffries-Johnson fight, scheduled for Emeryville for July 4, can be legally prevented. District Attorney Donahue has been in conference with several prominent attorneys over the same question, and he has come to the same conclusion as did the lawyers with whom he conferred.

Bear Treed Close to Town.

Covelo.—A large black bear came into Round valley recently and was treed with dogs within a mile of Covelo. U. L. Clardy shot it with a small bullet, which brought the bear out of the tree. It was then lassoed and brought into Covelo alive.

Kills His Roommate.

San Rafael. — Because he arrived home late and attempted to make room for himself by moving his roommate to the rear of the bed, Mike Spinosi received a beating that resulted in his death from fracture of the skull.

WORLD'S NEWS PRESENTED IN BRIEF ITEMS

Events of Both Hemispheres Compiled in Pithy Form For Busy Readers.

Here You Will Find a Resume of Happenings in Almost Every Part of the Earth.

Paris.—The Senate voted $32,000,000 for the immediate construction of two 23,500-ton battleships.

Paris.—A dispatch from Addis Abeba, Abyssinia, says King Menelik's health is slightly improved, and public order is assured.

Chicago.—"Wet" victories were recorded in almost every important center of Illinois where the saloon question was an issue in last week's elections.

Washington.—State elections are not to be influenced by political appointments made from the White House, if President Taft can prevent it. He showed this when he refused to decide a controversy that will have some influence on the coming elections in West Virginia.

Marseilles.—The strike of naval reserves because of the employment on French liners of Arabs and others who are not French subjects is causing serious inconvenience and financial loss. A score of ships bound for Mediterranean ports, Africa and the East are unable to sail.

Keo, Ark.— A mob composed entirely of negroes overpowered Constable Mallory of Keo, four miles north of here, seized his two negro prisoners, one a woman, shot them to death and hanged the bodies. The victims were charged with killing the husband of the woman and wife of the man.

New York.—Racing poolroom operators are preparing to circumvent the official ban upon them by arranging to flash race results by wireless from the tracks. Wireless stations, it was said, were to be established just outside the grounds, from which the news would be flashed to distributing centers.

Washington. — A beautiful bronze tablet, presented by the Naples section of the Italian Naval League to the officers and enlisted men of the United States warships which tendered aid in Calabria and Sicily after the earthquake of December 28, 1908, has been received at the Navy Department.

Ottawa, Ontario.— John Hendry, president of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, is here, and has declared war against all labor agitators from the United States who practice on this side of the boundary line, and will take proper steps to have the matter brought regularly before the Government.

Boulder, Colo.—Joseph Sturtevant, famous throughout the western country as "Rocky Mountain Joe," was found dead near the interurban railway track near this city. Although his head bore some bruises it is believed his death was accidental. He was a Civil war veteran and afterward became noted as a scout.

Chicago, Ill.—James A. Patten, king of the wheat pit, lost a fortune in the cotton market last week. It is estimated that his losses will reach $500,000, and may reach $1,500,000. A reported combine of speculators in Liverpool and New York against him, with heavy rains in the South, is said to have caused enormous loss to Patten and his crowd.

New York.—George W. Young, the husband of Lillian Nordica, the famous soprano, has bought two houses at 6 and 8 West Ninth street and will have them made into one. Mme. Nordica does not want to annoy her neighbors when practicing, and is afraid to use her full voice in the hotel or apartment house. The price paid for the Ninth-street houses is $30,000 and $26,000.

Pittsburg.—Allie Peterson is charged in a true bill returned by the Federal Grand Jury with having used the mails to conduct a fraudulent matrimonial scheme, in which she was the bait. The woman is said to have a large correspondence with men in western cities and when love affairs had ripened to a proper point she would ask them to send money for her fare to their town, promising to marry them.

Washington.—It will be entirely practicable to provide adequate defense for the Panama canal at comparatively moderate cost. This is the conclusion of the Panama fortification board, some members of which have just returned from Panama. The areas to be set aside as military reservation for defensive purposes were determined upon and sites were selected for quartering troops. Nearly all the areas desired are now the property of the United States.

Don't Scrub Kitchen Floors

PAINTS ENAMELS THE ACME QUALITY KIND STAINS VARNISHES

Paint that kitchen floor instead of scrubbing it every few days or buying expensive coverings that grow dingy and show wear. You can do it yourself. It's easy and costs only a trifle.

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FLOOR PAINT (Granite)

is the ideal finish for kitchen, pantry and laundry floors, steps and inside surfaces to be walked upon. It's hard, durable, sanitary, easy to apply, easy to keep clean, hard to wear out. Brush it on tonight and you can walk on it tomorrow.

If it's a surface to be painted, enameled, stained, varnished or finished in any way, there's an Acme Quality Kind to fit the purpose.

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Sheriff.....Robert Chatham
Auditor.....Henry Underhill
Superintendent of Schools....Roy Cloud
Coroner and Public Administrator...
....Dr. H. G. Plymire
Surveyor.....James B. Neuman
Health Officer....W. G. Beattie, M. D.

Officials—First Township

Supervisor.....James T. Casey
Justice of the Peace....A. McSweeney
Constable.....Bob Carroll
Postmaster.....B. S. Greene

THE CHURCHES.

CATHOLIC.

Colma—Mass, 9:30 a. m.
Ocean View—7:30 and 11:00.
South San Francisco—8:30.

Vista Grande M. E. Church—Rev. David Ralston, Pastor; Rev. J. E. Pescott, Asst.—Services 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sunday School, 10 a. m.; Prayer Meeting, Thursdays; Junior League, Saturdays, 2:30 p. m., Mrs. Meeth, Supt.; Epworth League, Sundays, 6:30 p. m., Miss Ada Turner, Pres.; Ladies' Aid, alternate Tuesday 2:30 p. m., Mrs. Redding, Pres.

Grace Presbyterian Church—Rev. A. R. Willis, Pastor (Residence, 442 Athens St., S. F.)—Services, 11 a. m.; Sunday School, 10 a. m.

POSTOFFICE NOTICE.

Postoffice open daily from 7 A. M. to 6 P. M. Sundays, 8 A. M. to 9 A. M.
Money order window opened from 7 A. M. to 5:45 P. M.
Letters for registration must be posted half an hour previous to the time for closing the mail.
Mails are dispatched from office 15 minutes before train time.
Out-going mail leaves as follows:

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1:10 P. M.
6:49 P. M.

Mails arriving at this office are due as follows:

6:05 A. M.
11:56 A. M.
5:55 P. M.

GEORGE WIGHT,
Postmaster.

VISTA GRANDE POSTOFFICE

Open daily from 7 A. M. to 8 P. M.
Sundays and holidays 8 A. M. to 12 M.
Outgoing mails close 6 A. M. and 6 P. M.
Mail arrives at 7 A. M. and 7 P. M.

E. C. JOHNSON, Postmaster.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

SECRET FRATERNITIES IN SCHOOLS.

By Robert G. Wilson, Jr.

There has been much bitter discussion in recent years concerning secret fraternities in the high schools of the country, and much may be said on both sides.

Of course secret fraternities are of two kinds. Certain fraternities are primarily formed merely as a source of recreation and sport. They soon become a discredit to any school, for even the members themselves look upon their organization with growing disrespect. Such fraternities are sufficient to prejudice public opinion and soon, in the public mind, the word "frat" represents a party of worthless young men gathered together merely for a good time. And such is sometimes the unfortunate truth. But such parties of young men deserve and can claim no such name as "fraternity."

The word "fraternity," coming from the original Greek, signifies a brotherhood. Men are bound to join in some bond of friendship; we have large organizations, from the Masonic order down. College men nave their fraternities. But the high school fraternity takes the growing boy at a comparatively early age; at that time when his character is really in the mold. The boy is certain to become associated with many of his fellows when his character, in most cases, is yet as putty. It can still be molded for better or for worse. The right kind of fraternity expects to prove a benefit to both its members and to the school. Such an organization of the students themselves can change more of the disagreeable features of school life in a year than the masters and instructors can ferret out in twice the time.

NEW IDEALS ARISE AS MAN PROGRESSES.

By Ada May Krecker.

The old men sigh for the good old times. Their minds are senilely unfit. They look at yesterday with a microscope. The youths burn for the better new times. Their minds are puerilely unfit. They look at to-morrow with a telescope. Somewhere there is a mellow philosopher who sees every day as a yesterday and a to-morrow. He is agreeable to the old man's faded glory and to the youth's prophetic grandeur. But he finds to-day as good as either of them.

No, Grecian and Roman glory do not dazzle him. He knows that every civilization has its bud. And that in comparisons bud must be matched with bud, bloom with bloom, shriveled stem with shriveled stem. Our civilization is seedling. The American race is yet unborn. It will only begin to be born when the many divers people from everywhere gathering here will have mingled and blended, and fused into a wonderful one people.

But when our flower time has come it will be followed duly by the fruit and harvest time, and then the winter barrenness and death. And after us another civilization as much greater than we as we are and shall be greater than Greece and Rome or any other past marvel that you will. And after this greater civilization a still greater, which will distance the greater as the greater has distanced us.

We must somehow get joy out of the pain of life. We must see the beauty and the wonder of the world misery. We must admire the evil as we admire the good. We must lick the dust with the homage that we pay the heavens. We must realize the sweet in struggle, in defeat, in destitution.

We must know the world as perfect in its imperfectness, as finished in its incompleteness, as satisfying in its unsatisfactoriness. Working for our fellows as purposely as we will, we must realize that they need no working for. That we need only to love and enjoy them—which is true. While looking to a better day we must perceive that it will never come. That it is here.

FAITH IN THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

By E. A. Van Valkenburg.

Belief that there is continuous increase of materialistic wisdom, and confidence in its certain consequences, are not idle dreams of optimistic visionaries. They are certainties foreshadowed, not to the novices, but to the shrewdest of the scarred experts in the game of practical politics. They constitute the political creed of the most useful citizens in America to-day—the short-term pessimists who are long-distance optimists.

These are the true teachers of the time. These are the men who see the rottenness cankering the whole social and business fabric of our modern civilization, but who never for a moment are disheartened, because they know the nature of the plain, everyday, average American; and, by the grace of that knowledge, the certainty has been given them of the ultimate triumph in this nation of right ideas and ideals. They propose to cleanse what foulness exists, and not to ignore nor to gild it. For they are not deluded by the ancient lie that "whatever is is right."—Success Magazine.

WASTE IN RELIGIOUS WORK.

By Edward Tallmadge Root.

There is $500,000,000 sunk in needless church buildings, and $100,000,000 a year is needlessly spent in their maintenance and erection. But this is a small item of waste compared with those of which society as a whole is guilty. How petty it seems in comparison with the $2,000,000,000 spent for intoxicants and tobacco—needless luxuries, to say the least! Or in comparison with the 200,000,000 tons of coal annually wasted in improper methods of mining, with the similar waste of water power, forests and all our resources.

There is probably not a dollar more expended in church property than is actually needed somewhere. The trouble is that it is not expended to meet real needs; that it is wasted so far as the real interests of the kingdom of God are concerned.—The Delineator.

ELECTRICITY IN BIBLE TIMES.

Speculations Which Explain Miracles by Supporting Its Use.

An electrical engineer of Munich named Stadenmann makes an ingenious argument to prove that the Jews in the time of Moses had an advanced knowledge of electricity, using passages from the Bible to enforce his claim, says the Boston Globe.

His theory of the famed serpent of bronze is that it was a lightning conductor and he also says that the temple at Jerusalem was protected by metal joints connected with the ground.

The most ingenious speculation is in regard to the Ark of the Covenant, which was made of walls of wood covered on both sides with metal. If this were connected with the metal teeth on the temple roof it would form a sort of Leyden jar charged with the electricity of the atmosphere and would give a shock to anyone touching it.

Mr. Stadenmann presumes that Moses gained his knowledge of electricity from the Egyptians. This ancient race certainly had a knowledge of many branches of science that it took the rest of the world thousands of years to learn. But the only proof that they were electrical engineers is one recently advanced by an archæologist—that they must have had electric lights because their underground temples show no traces of smoke.

The Only Difference.

Clorinda was as black as night and of heroic proportions, but in every possible way she copied her slender young mistress, for whom she had a great admiration. "I like to look jes' as much like you as I can," she often said, "'cause you looks jes' like a lady orter look, Mis' Hend'son."

Clorinda entrusted all her shopping to Mrs. Henderson, and scorned the bright colors and pronounced styles affected by her own friends. One day she asked her mistress to buy her a pair of low shoes. As she made the request, she glanced with admiration at the slim little foot showing beneath the edge of a dainty skirt.

"An' I want 'em jes' exactly like yours, Mis' Hend'son," said Clorinda. "No diff'ence, 'cepting dey's gotter be wide nines, so maybe de buckle might 'pear better if 'twas a teenty mite larger'n yours."

That Would Help.

"So you want to become a first-class stenographer?"

"I do. Does it take long?"

"All depends. Do you know how to spell to start with?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Gave Him What He Deserved.

"It seems to me that I have seen you before."

"You have, my lord. I used to give your daughter singing lessons."

"Twenty years."

The man who doubts the reliability of banks is also apt to believe in spooks and other foolishness.

IT SEEMED as if every sort of inducement had been offered to a person to buy life insurance until the other day, when a big New York company started to try out a new plan for the purpose of cutting down mortality figures and solving the problem of handling its surplus. This experiment promises to lend new vitality to the insurance business of the world and the unique departure will be watched with interest by insurers and insured. The company in question has sent a blank form to each of its policy holders in New York. Should a policy holder become ill he is to mail the form and the moment it is received a trained nurse will be assigned to him. While the case is progressing the insured is given daily attention without cost beyond his regular premiums, with the chances distinctly in favor of his recovery and a like gain in the mortuary books of the corporation.

It is contended that the plan will be effective in another way, as it will help deserving nurses in their work, at the same time that help is extended to the sufferers who are policy holders in the company. In addition to this is the advertising which will come from such an undertaking and the additional talking point it will give the company's agents. It is well known that life insurance companies are at war with consumption and every other recognized plague of civilization, and, they argue, if the spread of any known disease is checked it is not only a humanitarian but a good business proposition to get into the work of nursing the insured to health.

That the experiment is likely to prove popular was evidenced a fortnight ago when a prominent New Yorker, becoming acquainted with the proposal, donated ninety acres of land in the hills not fifty miles from the metropolis, together with $100,000 in cash, for the erection of a sanitarium. The donor is not a stockholder in the company, but was convinced that such an undertaking on the part of a big insurance company would spread until it comprehended similar organizations throughout the country, thus providing hospitals for thousands of people who otherwise would be unable to avail themselves of proper treatment and care.

Wear Cotton or Linen.

Should wool, cotton or linen be worn next to the skin? Wool has its devotees, who would look on discarding their merino or flannel vest or drawers as a risk of life. Medical opinion has radically changed in recent years, Leslie's Weekly says, and now many, if not most, doctors favor cotton or linen next the skin. Wool absorbs perspiratino and retains it; it absorbs it with difficulty at first, but surrenders it to the surrounding air with even greater difficulty. Cotton, on the other hand, asks only an opportunity to dry, which it does as rapidly as possible. The best plan in cold weather is to wear cotton or linen next the skin, with wool outer clothing. The wool excludes moisture and cold, while the cotton absorbs the perspiration quickly and dries even more quickly. This it does without chilling the body if the latter has an outer covering of wool. In this climate, where houses and offices are generally overheated in winter and the transition from indoors to outdoors is attended by a far greater change in temperature than in milder climates, where the houses are not kept as hot as they are in America, it is better to wear cotton or linen underclothes and to rely upon heavy outer garments to resist the cold air.

For Preference.

"Does your daughter play Mozart?" inquired the young man with gold-rimmed glasses.

"I believe she does," answered Mrs. Sanders, affably. "But I think she prefers tennis."

A man's bump of intellect is a dent if he tells a woman the whole truth.

ROOSEVELT'S POPULARITY.

It Draws Out a Good Many Funny Propositions.

A government official just returned from Nairobi, where he met Colonel Roosevelt, is A. B. Baker, assistant director of the National Zoological park, who assembled a fine collection of animals. In an interview Mr. Baker said: "The day I got to Nairobi I saw Colonel Roosevelt drive by in a carriage wearing a well-worn khaki suit and a wide-brimmed felt hat. He had come in from the wilds for a rest. Kermit Roosevelt told me his father wanted me to take tea with him. I found that the colonel carried less weight than when he left Washington and looked as hard as nails. His skin was about the color of saddle leather.

Colonel Roosevelt said he thought he had discovered, while president, every type of folly the American people were capable of, but he had discovered a new one since he had been in Africa. The proprietor of every small zoo in America had written, asking him to send a specimen. Anything would do, from a field mouse to a tiger. The richest letter he had, the Colonel added, came from a society of hunters in New York. The members wanted to give him a dinner upon his return, the secretary had written, and would he please pickle, preserve or otherwise keep in condition a piece of meat from every sort of animal he had killed, so they could have them all for dinner? 'It looks as if they want me to give them a dinner, instead of letting them give me one,' was Colonel Roosevelt's concluding remark. "While in Nairobi I saw three wagonloads of skins and skeletons collected by the Roosevelt party going to the warehouse. I heard that in one of the crocodiles they killed an arm and a leg of a native had been found."

SMUGGLING UNDESIRABLES.

Clever Schemers Circumventing the Immigration Laws.

The Belgian authorities have been advised of systematic frauds which are being practiced against the American immigration laws at Antwerp, Rotterdam, Marseilles and other ports. It is alleged that certain Armenians and other undesirables who have been deported from Ellis Island have reshipped as sailors and firemen, by bribery of the ships' officers, arriving at American ports as seamen. They then desert the ships, and thus evade the immigration authorities. These frauds, it is stated, are being conducted by a band whose headquarters is at Constantinople, with ramifications to all of the great European ports. They speculate in labor, paying high prices to secure the entrance into the United States of aliens, whose wages they collect, pocketing the difference between the actual wages paid and their contract with the aliens. Washington authorities state that although they have been aware of the fact that aliens in the guise of sailors are coming into the United States fraudulently, the immigration officials are unable to prevent such practice. Petty officers of transatlantic vessels permit the enlistment of foreigners, and when they reach American shores they are given shore leave. Desertion follows and the aliens remain. The subject will soon be brought to the attention of Congress with a view to remedial legislation.

Up-to-Date Farming Pays.

A university president tells of a recent graduate of a university in New York State who engaged in fruit raising. Four years ago he devoted nine acres to Baldwin apple trees, which last year produced 900 barrels of apples. The expense of spraying, etc., was $634, the income was $2,400 and the net income was $1,766, or $196 an acre. His land was valued at $200 an acre, and so he got 100 per cent on his investment.

Another student tried his hand at hay. He tried the growing of timothy and found it was ten times better than other kinds, and is making big returns on its cultivation.

Another by a scientific crossing of strains in cattle was enabled to make poor cattle the equal of the best.

A Permanent Position.

"Mr. Smith," spoke up the young lawyer, "I come here as a representative of your neighbor, Tom Jones, with the commission to collect a debt due him."

"I congratulate you," answered Mr. Smith, "on obtaining so permanent a job at such an early stage in your career."—Success.

Penetrating Voice.

Patience—Don't you think she has an unusual voice?

Patrice—Yes.

"Did you hear her at the concert?"

"Yes."

"What did she sing?"

"Oh, she didn't sing; she was in one of the boxes."—Yonkers Statesman.

The Fashionable Way.

"I wonder how the De Swelles manage to keep up such style. He is such a failure at business."

"Yes; but she is such a success at bridge."—Baltimore American.

Just as Good.

"Have you any postage stamps?" asked the man entering the drug store.

"I have not," replied the druggist, "but I've got plasters that stick just as good."—Yonkers Statesman.

Her Point of View.

Mother—Alice, it is bedtime. All the little chickens have gone to bed.

Alice—Yes, mamma, and so has the hen.

Opportunity is apt to dodge the man who spends all his time waiting for it.

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At Residence COLMA, CAL.

If You Want to Increase Your Business Insert Your ad in the

Colma Record

MY GARDEN.

I own a garden rich in blooms
Of unforgotten hours,
Where tendrils from the plants of youth
Have formed unfading bowers.

No foot, save mine, e'er passes through
The gate of this "Gone-By";
No ear, save mine, can catch the words,
Or hear the gentle sigh

Which comes to me across the bridge
Of Time's stupendous space,
To touch with soothing balm the heart
Where grief has left her trace.

No hand, save mine, can cull the flowers
From recollection's seeds;
No eye, save mine, can see the light
Which grows from noble deeds.

No heart, save mine, can feel response
To every prayer and dream;
No soul, save mine, can draw the glow
From memory's golden beam.
—Julia Bennett Gilbert.

Peggy's Windfall

It should be stated in the beginning that Peggy had not been anticipating any sudden and overwhelming access of fortune. Her uncle, coming up to pay her a visit, beheld her through the door of the inner room, putting the Rafferty twins to bed by the simple process of overturning them on the couch, and then sitting on them to hold them down; and he stood in the hallway, shedding sentimental tears.

"Sh'mush like me, Peggy ish," he murmured. 'Beaut'ful schild! Here's half my forshune for her, an' she'll never she me 'gain!"

Whereupon he went out and shipped before the mast, and Peggy entered upon the possession of her estate without any of those tiresome legal formalities which usually vex heirs at law.

Mrs. Rafferty of the third floor back was in the habit of saying that she had "brung Peggy up," an expression that seemed to need modifying, as indicating an active and capable existence on the part of Mrs. Rafferty. It was Peggy who ruled the house with a rod of iron, and who battled royally with the vegetable man and the butcher and the grocer from day to day, wresting away from each in turn the largest possible amount of produce for the smallest possible amount of money.

When Mr. Rafferty lost work it was Peggy who met collectors at the door and "stood them off" with blarney, and then—if blarney did not answer—with battle, while Mrs. Rafferty put a pillow over her head in the back room. Peggy explained to her confidants that Mrs. Rafferty "didn't have no gumption;" but after every victory Mrs. Rafferty reminded her friends that she had "brung Peggy up."

"Of course it's her money, an' I'm goin' to let 'er do what she likes with it," said Mrs. Rafferty when the news of Peggy's remarkable stroke of fortune had become noised through the building. "I told her she'd better buy things for herself. 'The' ain't nothin' ye don't need,' I says to Peggy. 'Yer stockin's is that frazzled out ye might as well be barelegged, if it wasn't for the looks of the thing,' I says, 'an' there's holes in yer shoes, an' ye're wearin' my hat for the reason that ye ain't got none o' yer own, an' ye're needin' a shawl this cold weather, an' ye could go out right now an' spend a fortune, an' not git a single thing ye wasn't boun' to have.' But she wouldn't say, an' I don't know what she's thinkin' o' gittin'."

Peggy, having fought her morning battle with the reluctant purveyor of eatables down at the corner, was at that moment making her toilet for the important expedition.

She had declined the company of the twins, who were howling grievously at the thought of being left behind; and when Mrs. Rafferty suggested that perhaps she had better go with her, to see that she did not get cheated, Peggy had cheerfully remarked that it was a big enough job to go shopping, without keeping Mrs. Rafferty out from under the horses' feet.

And now Peggy came forth, arrayed for conquest. Mrs. Rafferty's hat, which had been of that lady's own selection, and was hated with great frankness by Peggy, was a large and heavy one, with a wealth of burnt orange velvet on one side that gave it an unstable equilibrium, so that Peggy was continually obliged to rescue it from over one eye. A refractory braid of brown hair was tied with white string, and hung down Peggy's back.

With a laudable desire to conceal the state of her stockings, Peggy wore Mrs. Rafferty's apron, which touched the ground, and had a most pleasing appearance from the front. When she turned her back, however, there was a space where the apron did not meet.

Thus attired did Peggy go forth, alone, carrying her entire fortune, and intent on many a shrewd bargain.

"How much is them mittens?" asked Peggy, pointing them out.

"Twenty cent," replied the man, smiling affably.

"That's higher'n they are anywhere else," replied Peggy. "I want two pair, an' of course, gettin' 'em wholesale, they'd have to come still cheaper. I'll give you five."

The merchant looked at her impassively.

"Twenty cent," he said.

"Two pair at five cents each makes ten," said Peggy. "An' you'd be makin' money at that. Or I might give fifteen cents for the two pair."

The merchant put the mittens back on the shelf. Peggy went out and sat down on the step

An hour later the man in the store opened the door cautiously. "What you seddin' by de stebs all day because?" he asked.

"I'm waitin' for them two pair o' mittens at fifteen," Peggy replied, cheerfully.

Half an hour later he opened the door a tiny crack and peered forth, to learn the cause of the suspension of traffic. Peggy was discoursing with Mrs. Mayo, who lived "up the street a ways." "I hope you ain't goin' in there to buy nothin', Mis' Mayo," she was saying, with conviction. "That man's a reg'lar pig! What you think he wants for them little mittens of the twinses' size? Twenty cents!—an' Levy's got 'em for ten!—an' me wantin' to get two pair, an' maybe a lot o' other things, too."

The woman's foot was on the step, but she took it down and went away.

The door opened. "Come in an' see what you would puy," said the merchant.

Peggy secured the mittens, although he groaned over them; also she bought a comforter for Mr. Rafferty at a price which made the shopkeeper tear his hair and insist that he was ruined. A pair of gloves for Mrs. Rafferty brought things to a crisis, and caused Peggy to sit on the steps for another half hour, at the end of which time the merchant begged her to take her purchases, including the gloves, and go away before he was bankrupted.

She accepted the invitation, adding candy for the twins and a much needed handkerchief for each of them to her list, and departed, radiant.

With her bundles in her arms, the joy of conquest was upon her, and Peggy was determined to go farther afield and see a little of the world. First of all, she meant to ride in an elevator. This had long been one of her dearest ambitions, but hitherto the opportunity to gratify it had not presented itself.

Big office buildings were not far to seek. Peggy found an ever-so-many-storied one within the first block, equipped with a bewildering set of elevators that sped up and down in its marble hallway. In a moment Peggy was in an elevator, back in the corner behind all the people, flutteringly anxious to know what it would feel like.

"Goodness—mercy—gracious!" was her first ecstatic remark, all to herself.

Half way up she murmured, regretfully, "I wisht the twins was here."

"WHO'S A-BEGGIN'?"

Coming down she hugged herself with a rapt sigh. "Don't it make you feel funny inside?" she asked herself.

Let no one imagine that Peggy meant to give up, all at once, a sport that had been so long coming. She saw other people come and go, but she stayed where she was. On the tenth trip skyward she murmured, sorrowfully:

"I don't b'lieve I ever can go home!"

On the fifteenth she acknowledged that the oftener you went the more delightful it was. Indeed, but for one trifling incident, Peggy might have been there still, riding the full length of the ever-so-many stories.

On the sixteenth trip a man said:

"Let me out at Reagan & Johnson's."

"Tenth floor," said the elevator man.

Reagan & Johnson! Why, that was the firm that collected rents from the Raffertys, and from all the other people in that building. Peggy always resented the visits of the "fresh young man" who came about those collections. More than once she had declared that she would like to give those people a piece of her mind. And now here was her opportunity.

On the next trip up, when the elevator stopped at the tenth floor, Peggy stepped out with as much assurance as if her life had been spent in the investigation of big office buildings. Halfway down the hall she found a door bearing the names she sought, and opening it, as she had seen other people do with the other doors, without knocking, she boldly entered the room.

An old man with white hair and red face looked at her from beyond the railing.

"Well, little girl, and what do you want?" he asked, irritably. "No beggars are allowed in this building."

"Who's a-beggin'?" demanded Peggy. "I'm Peggy Sullivan, an' I live with Misses Rafferty on the third back in the Mason buildin', an' I'd like to know if there ain't ever goin' to be anything done to fix up that house."

The old man's face grew redder still.

"Here!" he cried, fiercely. "If the Raffertys don't like those rooms, let them get out! I can rent them fast enough!"

"I reckon you can," retorted Peggy. "But all the same, the rooms is fierce."

And then a young man in a dark gray suit, who had been listening to the old man and looking rather bored when Peggy came in, rose and came forward and leaned over the railing, so that he could get a good look at Peggy. He seemed to be rather amused.

"So this is one of my people?" he asked, with a twitching of the lips.

Then he added, "And the rooms is fierce, is they? Now what's the matter with them?"

Peggy, thus encouraged, lent herself to description with a great deal of talent, both natural and acquired. The young man learned with astonishment about the walls that never had been cleaned since the year 1, and the stairs that threatened to come down with you if you weighed more than fourteen pounds, and the windows that had panes broken out which you were obliged to stuff with old clothes.

"An' yet they come there collectin' rent, bold as brass!" proclaimed Peggy, with an indignant sniff. The old man turned purple.

"Say!" exclaimed the young man, after a little pause. "Kind of a Tom-All-Alone's, is it? This is too bad, you know, if it's really true. And this is the legacy I've fallen into—and I was about to go to Europe, and not hear anything about it. You should have told me the state of things, Mr. Reagan. Anyhow, I'll look into it, and if the house needs fixing, little girl—and I fix it all up—that won't be quite so fierce, will it?"

He had found Peggy's blue eyes under Mrs. Rafferty's hat, and there was a glint in them, you may be sure. But Peggy had seen a great deal of the world. She almost held her breath as she asked:

"An' the rent not raised?"

"And the rent not raised," he promised her, gravely.

Peggy hugged her bundles against Mrs. Rafferty's apron and stood on one foot.

"Oh," she gasped, "th' ain't but one thing more in all the world to want! But do you know anybody that's got a roller chair they don't need any more?"

"I think I know just such a person," said the young man, while the outraged old man began to turn black.

Peggy hopped round, exposing the deficiencies of Mrs. Rafferty's apron and of her own hosiery.

"Oh, it's Mis' Brownin' down on the first!" she cried. "An' she's lived in that house ten years, an' never put her head out-o'-doors—an' it ain't no fun to stay in that house ten years! An' Mike Riffey could lift 'er into the chair, an' the rest of us could take turns rollin' 'er on the sidewalk. I've studied about it an' studied about it! Is it far to that place where they've got the chair?"

"Not very far," said the young man.

"Then can I ride home in it?" asked Peggy, her hands clasped above her bundles. "I've always been just crazy to ride in one o' them roller chairs!"

And there was that twitching in the young man's lips again; but he took Peggy's hand and carried her bundles, and they set out in quest of the invalid-chair. He even put Peggy into an automobile—and what an experience that was—if the twins had only been there—and laughed with great enjoyment, not seeming to mind the apron or the hat in the least.

And the roller chair was found—apparently a brand-new one—and Peggy rode home in it, to the intense mortification of a dignified negro porter, whom nothing but a liberal tip reconciled to his fate.

The young man in the gray suit followed unnoticed a little way behind, and saw an amazed juvenile population swarming out of doors and alleyways with shrieks of:

"Well, if there ain't Peggy!"

But Peggy, waving an imaginary fan and looking at them through an imaginary lorgnette, after the manner of the finest of the ladies who "slummed" there and in the regions beyond, answered languidly: "How do you do, me dears?"

But the next moment she informed them joyfully, "I've been a-hobnobbin' with the King o' England!"

At the door of the Mason building she sprang from the chair into the arms of the anxious Raffertys.

"There's mittens for the twins," she announced, "an' a comforter for Mr. Rafferty, an' gloves for you, an' two sticks o' candy for the twins, an' a han'kerchief apiece, an' the house is goin' to be fixed up all over, an' the roller chair is for Mis' Brownin'. I wanted to git you a set o' furs," she added, regretfully, "but you can't git everything for seventy-five cents!"

CAN A TROUT BE CRAZY?

Nerves in Dogs Responsible for Many Canine Eccentricities.

We quite agree with the writer in one of the sporting papers who said the other day neurasthenia among certain animals (fish, perhaps, excepted; you cannot imagine a hysterical or hypochondriacal trout) is comparatively more acute than among human beings, says the London Globe.

Nerves in dogs, for instance, are responsible for many canine eccentricities. Take a terrier. When a terrier is feeling jumpy he will emit sudden barks for no other reason than hearing his own voice. Time and place do not matter. His nerves are overstrung and he just has to bark. Many a wretched dog has incurred the temporary hatred of his master on account of a sudden fit of barking in the early hours of a cold morning.

Sometimes the dog's overwrought nervous system causes him to stand stock still with all his bristles sticking up. In these cases superstitious persons say, "Ah, he sees more than we do," and add that the house is haunted. On the other hand, a dog, especially an old terrier, can also display a callousness which seems to betoken a complete absence of nerves. When he has a liking for lying besides a fire his indifference is extraordinary. At any moment a live coal may drop on his head, and he knows it by experience. But the fact never appears to prey on his mind. He sleeps on the fender as contentedly as live those villagers who dwell by the side of a not extinct volcano

GOOD SHORT STORIES

Andrew Carnegie was on board a ferryboat at Norfolk on the day the President visited that port. Something went wrong with the compass. The captain appealed to the mate. The mate examined the compass and said: "I guess it must be attracted by that steel magnate over there."

Mr. Kajones, who happened to step into the parlor while looking for a book, was just in time to see somebody slip hastily off somebody else's knee. "Ah, Bessie," he observed, pleasantly, "this is a merger, is it? Or is it a limited partnership?" "Neither, papa," said Bessie, recovering herself instantly. "George is my holding company—that's all."

Recently a party of tourists were visiting the Louvre. By mistake one of the tired number carried a catalogue of the Luxembourg. Upon being confronted by a fantastically modern nude study with a black cat in the background she turned to the corresponding number and complacently announced to the astonished listeners: "This is Whistler's mother."

On Lord Dufferin's estate, near Belfast, there once stood a historic ruin, a castle which had been a stronghold of the O'Neils. One day Lord Dufferin visited it with his steward, Dan Mulligan, and drew a line with his stick round it, telling Mulligan that he was to build a protecting wall on that line. And then he went to India, feeling secure as to the preservation of the great historic building. When he returned to Ireland he hastened to visit the castle. It was gone. He rubbed his eyes and looked again. Yes, gone it certainly was, leaving not a trace behind it. He sent for Dan and inquired: "Where's the castle?" "The castle, my lord? That old thing? Sure, I pulled it down to build the wall wid."

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell tells with keen enjoyment of the experience of a medical friend of his who engaged a nurse, recently graduated, for a case of delirium tremens. The physician succeeded in quieting the patient, and left some medicine, instructing the nurse to administer it to him again if he "began to see snakes again." At the next call the physician found the patient again raving. To his puzzled inquiry the nurse replied that the man had been going on that way for several hours and that she had not given him any medicine. "But didn't I tell you to give it to him if he began to see snakes again?" demanded the physician. "But he didn't see snakes this time," replied the nurse confidently. "He saw red, white and blue turkeys with straw hats on."

Recently an automobilist ran down and killed a hen in suburban Philadelphia. He was a conscientious automobilist. Instead of racing along, unmindful of the grief of the owners of that hen, he immediately stopped, got out, tenderly picked up the unfortunate fowl and rang the doorbell of the farmhouse from the vicinity of which it had emerged. A woman opened the door. "I am very sorry to inform you," remarked the automobilist, "that I have unintentionally killed this hen of yours." He held the fowl up to her view. "Now I am quite willing to pay whatever the value—" But she checked him with this joyous exclamation. "Oh, I'm so much obliged to you. I've been trying to catch that hen for three days to cook it for dinner, and I never could so much as lay a hand on the pesky thing. Thank you, sir; thank you."

THE COMET HUNTER.

His Emotions When He Finds a New Wanderer in Space.

The process of comet hunting is perhaps the most fascinating branch of practical astronomy. If there still lives among us moderns one only survivor of the traditional astronomer, one patient, expectant lover of the skies, seek him among the comet hunters, for to-day, as of old, you will find him perched on some tower scanning the heavens from dusk to dawn, sleepless, almost hopeless of success, yet ever supported by the thought that perhaps he, too, may add his chapter to the story celestial. Let us follow him at his work. Suddenly he sights a faint patch of hazy light, is for an instant uncertain, yet trusts that his eye deceives him not. Another minute and a larger telescope has made him sure. It is there. He hurries to his library and consults Herschel's catalogue of known nebulæ. He finds the place in the book; down the page runs his eager finger. There is nothing recorded at that exact spot on the sky. It must be a comet. Yet even Herschel's careful scrutiny was not so very infrequently at fault. As yet there is no certainty. He must apply the final test.

The larger telescope is now brought into play. If this is truly a comet it must be following some appointed orbit in space. It must be changing its position with reference to the stars. Probably half an hour will serve to settle the question to an experienced eye. The minutes pass. Is there motion or is there not? He thinks there is. Now he is almost sure there is. Yes. No man could remain impassive. His pipe goes out; he forgets to smoke. Another quarter hour makes assurance doubly sure. Success is his.

But now he is seized with a new fear. Is he the first or has some other anticipated the discovery? There is another tireless comet hunter who lives in Vienna. Perhaps even now word is on the telegraphic cables. There is need of haste. The astronomer runs to the telephone, calls long distance and asks for the Harvard college observatory, which is the central distributing station for announcing new discoveries. They tell him calmly that they have heard nothing; that the discovery will be at once verified and made known by cable and telegram in every observatory throughout the world before morning. Our astronomer goes to shut up his telescopes. He will work no more tonight, but he sways a little as he crosses the room.—Prof. Harold Jacoby in Harper's Weekly.

THE WORK CURE.

The famous Harvard geologist, Nathaniel Southgate Shaler, who died about four years ago, was a man of singularly wide range and vivacity of conversation. In a single hour, says a correspondent of the New York Nation, he would discuss topics as diverse as national politics, the seeds of the fossil Coniferae, and the question whether there might not be some ethnological considerations bearing on mathematical studies.

Perhaps the most striking thing about him, after his unexcelled warmth of heart and capacity for making people free of his time and thought and interest, was his surprising industry. On one of the earliest occasions when I was thrown into contact with him, and obliged to ask for considerable portions of his time, I remember having asked if he were not overbusy.

"No," he replied. "I have a good many things to do, and a score of years ago I had nervous prostration. I went to Germany and tried all kinds of cures for it, but they did no good; so I came home, and ever since I've been trying to work it off."

Asking advice from Shaler was a very different thing from seeking it from ordinary sources. On one occasion—apropos of something now quite forgotten—he told the story of his being asked by a graduate of the Harvard Divinity School how he might best fit himself for the work of his chosen calling. The freshly graduated theological student did not feel sure that he knew as much about men as he did about divinity.

After a moment's thought, the professor said, in substance:

"Go to Colorado, get down into a drift, and dig for two years with the miners. Possibly you'll know more about men than you do now."

The young man did so, with the result that he came back at the end of the period to thank his adviser for the good he had derived from his most unconventional Wanderjahre.

AS TO MAKING OUR OWN SHOES.

If Price Go Much Higher We May Be Driven to This Extremity.

Shoes are apparently to be beyond the reach of most of us; luxuries that we can only hope to receive at Christmas time. The prospect causes quite a flutter of anticipation. We might adopt the silk bags worn by Trilby, or the admirably simple sandals worn by Mr. Duncan. Either of these we could make ourselves. It would be rather agreeable work of a rainy afternoon. Real sandals, too, are surely simple to contrive; the children might be started to work on these. The New York Evening Sun says there is nothing at all appalling in the possible scarcity of shoes. Our feet may become practicable appendages. We may in time be able to walk, really walk, sixty miles a day as the Japanese do. That will simplify one's summer plans. With the ability to walk, traveling becomes as easy and usual as staying at home.

At this point it is learned that the Chinese are to step in and make shoes at prices so low as to cause general consternation. Surely it does not mean that they will follow our ideas of what a shoe should be, a rather smart casing which bears no relation whatever to the shape of the human foot. They must mean that for these paltry sums they can make their own satin slippers of boatlike cut, which have the air of being most comfortable and sane. The beauty of them is undeniable. A pair of green silk ones embroidered with small black chrysanthemums and worn by a chamberman in Vancouver have been remembered admiringly by the writer for years. What if shoes should become an interesting part of the wardrobe? We might embroider our own. Chinese shoes would be followed by those curious raised rain shoes they wear, lifting one just the necessary three inches out of the mud. With our streets in their present unspeakable condition such prospects make one impatient for these desirable changes to take place at once.

For the Mother.

If a child be taught nothing else about the use of its body it should at least be taught poise in standing, walking and sitting, and correct poise is merely a matter of getting the weight on the balls of the feet and raising the chest. Even young children throw their weight on the heels, and that this eventually becomes a habit may be seen by observing men and women upon the streets.

Several Scenes.

"There will be a balcony scene in this play."

"I dare say," said the cynical manager, "and there'll probably be a scene in the gallery and parquet, too, if you ever try to put it on."

How good a yawn tastes at about 10 o'clock in the evening, just before going to bed!

When a man does not believe in an idea, he refers to it as a menace

TRIALS of the NEEDEMS
(CONFOUND THESE CATS AND DOGS! ARE YOU TRYING TO MAKE A MENAGERIE OUT OF THIS HOUSE?
WHY JOHN YOU ALWAYS LOVED THEM. YOU MUST BE BILIOUS. TAKE A PAW-PAW PILL TO-NIGHT
I MUST HAVE BEEN ALL OUT OF SORTS YESTERDAY TO KICK THIS DOG
YES JOHN, IF YOU TOOK A PAW-PAW PILL EVERY NIGHT YOU WOULDN'T HAVE THESE BILIOUS ATTACKS
THERE IS HOPE
THE PILL THAT WILL
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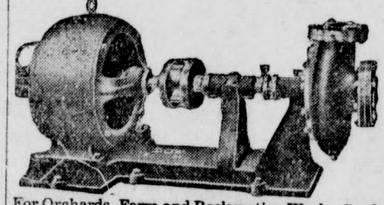

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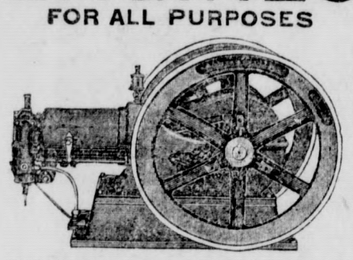

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S. F. N. U. - - - - - No. 16, 1910

DEWEY, STRONG & CO. PATENTS MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE, S.F.

TORTURE BY ELECTRICITY.

Barbarous Inquisitorial Methods of America's Police.

Electricity is becoming more and more popular with the administrators of the "third degree," Hugo C. Wein says in The World of To-Day. The favorite method of its application is called, in prison slang, "the humming bird." The prisoner is stripped and bound. Sometimes he is gagged, also, for he is very apt to scream and shriek. The electric current is turned into a sponge soaked with water so that none of its strength will be lost. A long handle is attached, and the operator, with rubber gloves, approaches the victim, who generally is deposited in a shallow tank or tub. The sponge is applied gently to the man's legs and then pressed slowly upward over his limbs. Perhaps the current is not particularly strong and he only clenches his hands and bites his lips. The pressure is gradually increased as the sponge continues its way up and down the unprotected legs and thighs. A low, buzzing, singing noise emanates from it like the sound of a humming-bird. This is the whirring of the "juice," and is the reason for the somewhat striking name which has been applied to the apparatus. The prisoner's limbs are now doubled up in great, frenzied knots, and his veins are swollen to double their normal size as he tries in vain to tear himself from its bonds. And still the sponge continues its path over his body.

It has now become a coal of fire.

You will observe that this method of the "third degree" is somewhat unwieldy. Perhaps this is why it is not used more extensively through the country. You will find on investigation, however, that it is fairly common.

Wellesley Oak 500 Years Old.

A wide-spreading oak which experts have declared must have been growing at the time of the discovery of America by Columbus, is a landmark on the estate of the late Arthur Hunnewell in Wellesley, Mass.

The magnificent tree measures 26 feet in circumference at the base. It is a noticeable landmark on account of its unusual size. It intersects the fence which separates the fertile fields of the Hunnewell estate from the highway, and thus arrests the attention of the passer-by.

The late Mr. Hunnewell took great pride in the ancient tree. It has withstood the ravages of pests for a great many years and is apparently in condition to live for a great many more decades. The late Mr. Hunnewell once had the tree examined by an expert from the Smithonian Institute, who declared that it was between 400 and 500 years old.

Eliot, the apostle to the Indians, frequently passed the towering oak while going to and from South Natick, where he preached to the Indians, the tree being beside what was the old trail.

Lending His Hand.

The late Dr. Edward Everett Hale, the founder of the "Lend-a-Hand" societies, practiced what he preached. He lent his own hand time and time again. Once, says the Woman's Home Companion, his travels brought him to a town where a friend of his was editing a daily newspaper.

When he called on him, this friend unfolded a tale of woe. His wife was seriously ill. She had gone into the country, believing that a change of air would do her good. She was pining for her husband, and he was pining for her, but he had no assistant, so if he took a vacation the paper must stop.

Dr. Hale listened, and returning to his hotel, sat down at his desk.

Before he got up he had written with that ready pen of his enough articles on topics of contemporaneous interest to fill his friend's editorial columns for a week. Returning to the sanctum, he threw his copy on the editorial desk, with the remark:

"There, now you can go and visit your wife!"

Office Femininity.

"Women may flaunt their independence as much as they like," said the observant man, "but they seldom lose their femininity. If you take a look at those little stenographers and typewriters who nestle about in every downtown office you will find them between business hours at work on some little thing they would have done if they had been at home, a piece of embroidery, a doylie, hemstitching a handkerchief or embroidering a centerpiece or something. The top drawer of their desk is always full of feminine things, needles and thread and scissors. In fact, there are very few of them that I have seen who don't make their part of the office, in spite of their work, as much like home as possible."

A Carlyle Retort.

An empty headed duke once said to Thomas Carlyle at a dinner:

"The British people, sir, can afford to laugh at theories."

Carlyle, scowling, replied:

"The French nobility of a hundred years ago thought that they could afford to laugh at theorists too. But a man came and wrote a book called 'The Social Contract.' This man was Jean Jacques Rousseau, and his book was a theory and nothing but a theory. The nobles could laugh at his theory, but their skins went to bind the second edition of the book."

Radical.

"Talk about reformin' foot ball!" said Uncle Jerry Peebles. "The only way you kin reform it is to take an ax to it!"—Chicago Tribune.

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Seventeen Years the Standard

Prescribed and recommended for women's ailments—a scientifically prepared remedy of proven worth. The result from their use is quick and permanent. For sale at all drug stores.

Six arc lamps installed in a London theater in 1873 were the first electric lamps used commercially in that city.

"Be sure you're right, then go ahead." With Port Costa Flour you're sure to be right.

"Any particular brand?" said the man. "Yes," said I, "the particular brand, Old Gilt Edge, and make it rye." And when I got it I went away happy.

Preachers Not Overpaid.

In England the early Methodist preacher, when away from home, was expected to get his food from his congregation, and when at home was allowed 36 cents a day, with the stipulation that the acceptance of an invitation to dine led to a due deduction. His wife was allowed 96 cents a week, with a further concession of five dollars a quarter for each child. At the Bristol conference of 1752, however, a definite salary was fixed. For the future the preacher was able to call $60 a year his very own.

THE KEYSTONE TO HEALTH IS HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

The first aid to a weak stomach, sluggish liver or constipated bowels should be the Bitters, because it has proven its right to be called "the best." It is for Indigestion, Costiveness and Malaria. Try it.

A BUSINESS MAN AND POET

Peculiar interest attaches to the forthcoming publications of various poems by James Henry MacLafferty, San Francisco business man—and poet. Because he is one of those who toil among their fellows, Mr. MacLafferty has attained to more than the average poet's practical knowledge of human life; and what he has heard at the heart of things he sings in verse so simple and so true to observation and experience that its appeal will undoubtedly meet very general response.

One of the books, "My Soul's Cathedral," is to contain about a score of poems, varied in subject, but each in its way conveying some thought of beauty and uplift. "Light Through the Valley," a longer poem in blank verse, is to appear in a slender volume by itself. Being an ode to death, and, as its title indicates, in the nature of a consolation, this will touch an answering chord in many a stricken heart.

Here is a little gem from "My Soul's Cathedral" that is indicative of the beautiful sentiments permeating all of Mr. MacLafferty's work:

Growth of the Soul.

Climb from the depths of the valley's chill,
Out of the shadows that lurk below,
Nurse at the breast of the throbbing hill,
Grow in thy day as the tall trees grow.
This, Soul of Mine, be thy constant cry;
This, O my Soul, is to never die.

Whence camest thou? . . . . Give it little thought!
Whither? . . . . Ah, let this concern thee more!
Into this state thou art blindly brought;
Out of it see but an open door.
Once past the portal, perhaps 'twill be
Growth of today will have made thee free.

The volumes are to be published by Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco, in the fall season.

COLUMBINE OIL COMPANY

Operating in the great San Juan oil fields. Stock now selling 10 cents per share. Special 30-day offer., 25 shares free on each 1000 shares sold for cash. H. W. Hutchinson, Asst. Secty. 429 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

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Please mention this paper.

Deposits of bituminous coal, estimated to be worth $500,000, have been discovered in the Canal zone.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Kentucky's mines produced 10,246,553 short tons of coal last year, within 5 per cent of the previous year's output.

FOR SALE—Land in sonoma County. Stock, dairy, fruit and poultry farms, all sizes and prices. No better land, never failing water, no malaria. Call or write. Santa Rosa Realty Co., 636 Market St., San Francisco or Elks Bldg., Santa Rosa, Cal.

The Prose Translation.

The difficulty of forcing the door of the understanding is amusingly illustrated in a story related by Mrs. Roger A. Pryor in her recent book, "My Day: Reminiscences of a Long Life." Mrs. Pryor's daughter, Mrs. Rice, once attempted to introduce William Cullen Bryant to a class of poor white boys she was teaching at a night-school in her home on a plantation in Virginia.

She had taught them to read and write, had given them some arithmetic and geography, even some Latin, and was then minded to awaken the esthetic instincts which she believed must exist in the poor fellows. She read the beautiful poem "To a Water-Fowl."

"Now, boys," she eagerly said, "tell me how you would feel if you had seen this?"

There was dead silence. Appealing to the most hopeful of her pupils, she received an enlightening response:

"I wouldn't think nuthin'."

"What would you say?" she persisted.

"Wal, I reckon I'd say, 'Thar goes a duck!'"

Not in Love.

The cashier of a French bank enters the private office of the president nervous and agitated.

"Sir," he says, "I have something on my mind which I feel myself compelled to disclose, though for months I have striven to conceal it." The president turns pale. "The fact is I love your daughter."

The president breathes more freely.

"Ah, you love my daughter. Do you ever make any errors in your books or in counting your cash; find yourself abstracted, eh?"

"Never, sir," with pride.

"Then, sir, I must decline to encourage your suit. You are not really in love."—Paris Journal.

Character Sketch.

"You say he served four years in a reformatory institution?"

"Yes, and it made a man of him."

"I don't notice any evidence of it."

"It did, just the same; he was 17 when he went in, and 21 when he came out."

Germany possesses the only known workable potash minerals and their mining and manufacture have built up a most important industry.

The United States imports about 125,000 tons of unmanufactured chalk a year, mainly from England and Germany.

GLADNESS COMES~

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of illness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact that it is the only remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is, therefore, all-important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to purchase and note that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only.

It is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the kidneys, liver and bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and assists in overcoming habitual constipation permanently, also biliousness and the many ills resulting therefrom. The great trouble with all other purgatives and aperients is not that they fail to act when a single dose is taken, but that they act too violently and invariably tend to produce a habit of body requiring constantly augmented doses. Children enjoy the pleasant taste and gentle action of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, the ladies find it delightful and beneficial whenever a laxative remedy is needed, and business men pronounce it invaluable, as it may be taken without interfering with business and does not gripe nor nauseate. When buying note the name, California Fig Syrup Co. printed on the front of every package. Price 50 cents a bottle.

The Retort Erudite.

A famous scholar, whose hobby was the derivation of words, had occasion to store his furniture while proceeding to the continent in quest of the origin of the term "juggins. During his researches in Berlin he received from the warehouse company the following letter: "Sir—We have the honor to inform you that the mattrass you sent to our store had the moth in it. Since the epidemic would expose the goods of other clients to injury, we have caused your mattrass to be destroyed."

The scholar replied: "Dear Sir—My mattress may, as you say, have had moth in it, but I am confident that it had an 'e' in it also."—London King.

Dust a Thousand Feet Thick.

China has its "bad lands," all dust and dreariness, and its irrigation wheels, and its "soul appalling" Gobi desert, along whose southern boundary lies the Great wall. In some of these regions the famous yellow dust of China lies to a depth of 1,000 feet, and when the wind blows the whole landscape is obscured. Yet it is upon this dust that the fertility of northern China depends. The Chinese call it "ginger powder."—Harper's.

Used to It.

Conductor—Madam, that's the smoker.

Cheery Matron (crowded out of the other car)—That's all right. I guess I can stand it. I've got one for a husband.

How to be happy though married. Use Port Costa Flour.

Women are now allowed admission to full matriculation in all German universities except that at Rothrock.

HERE IS RELIEF FOR WOMEN.

If you have pains in the back, Urinary, Bladder or Kidney trouble, and want a certain, pleasant herb cure for woman's ills, try Mother Gray's AUSTRALIAN-LEAF. It is a safe and never-failing regulator. At Druggists or by mail 50 cents. Sample package FREE. Address the Mother Gray Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

A patent has been granted by France upon a process for case-hardening metals with carbon monoxide gas.

CUT-PRICE PLUMBING SUPPLY CO.

Not owned by the trust; will sell anyone for cash. Free on board here. Send list of material and we will quote prices. 320-328 McAllister street, San Francisco.

Two circular knives, one within the other and mounted upon a common handle, form a new meat chopper invented by a Colorado man.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments, and endanger the health of Children—Experience against Experiment.

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Bad debt collecting our specialty. Try us. We get you the money. Interstate Law Association. Pacific Building, 4th and Market, San Francisco.

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OWNER will sell 10 or 20 acres, planted to walnuts, fruit or eucalyptus; cared for 3 years; $125 per acre. E. E. Grant, 245 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

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Ladies to learn Hairdressing at the California College of Hairdressing and Beauty Culture, 967½ Market, San Francisco. Send Sample for Hair Goods.

Stove dealers and oil men—an opportunity to handle a new principle oil burners for cook stoves and heaters; liberal terms. H. M. DAGGETT, 1468 East 11th St., East Oakland, Cal.

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Victorious Socialist Makes No Promise of Utopia

Milwaukee, Wis.—"The first step of the Socialist-Democratic party will be to reassure the people and relieve their minds of apprehension that our victory means the entire overturning of business in this city," said Emil Seidel, Milwaukee's newly elected Socialist mayor.

"There will be no Utopia, no millennium, none of the wild antics that our opponents have charged to us. There will be no party bosses, no one-man policy. When we decide on a course to pursue there will be conference with the other Socialists elected, and the best lines will be followed. We shall give everyone in the party a chance to be heard and to voice his sentiment. We will do nothing revolutionary, nothing that would turn the tide of sentiment against us. If any question arises which the administration cannot handle we will refer it to the electorate as a whole. After all they are the only bosses."

In addition to home rule for the city, initiative and referendum, for which all three parties stood, the Socialists advocated municipal ownership, the sprinkling of streets by the street railway company over its varous lines; a seat for every passenger in street cars; 3-cent car fares; eight-hour day for labor; cheaper gas; municpal ice plants; full share of taxes by corporations; cheaper bread, and work for the unemployed at union wages at an eight-hour day.

As the street railway company has a franchise which governs its rate of fare, and, owing to the fact that the State Railway Commission regulates the matters of fares, the new political power in Milwaukee will probably not be able to bring about any changes in this line. Milwaukee now has its own municipal garbage plant and water works, and efforts to establish a municipal light plant some time ago were blocked through a legal technicality with regard to bonds. This, however, may be overcome under the new administration.

Mayor-elect Emil Seidel will have 21 out of 35 aldermen of his own party, to say nothing of having the appointing power of many important offices.

Answer All Questions Asked of You by Census Taker

Washington.—On Friday, the 15th instant, a host of 70,000 interrogators, men and women, white and colored, were turned loose in pursuit of the people of the United States. On that day Uncle Sam began the numbering of his children in preparation for the thirteenth census. He estimates that he has a family of about 90,000,000 men, women and children, and he has employed and put to work a body of enumerators considerably larger than the standing army. The enumeration will cover all of the 45 States and two Territories of the Union proper, and also Hawaii and Porto Rico. Alaska, the Philippine Islands and Guam will not be included. The President has issued a proclamation calling on all citizens to co-operate in the census and assuring them that it has nothing to do with taxation, army or jury service, compulsory school attendance, regulation of immigration or enforcement of any law, and that no one can be injured by answering the inquiries.

Horseracing Too Tame in Land Where Bullfights Reign

Galveston, Tex.—Mexico has formally stamped horse racing as conducted by Yankees a failure, by the Government canceling the concessions granted to Matt Winn, Jerry Dickinson and associates to build and maintain tracks at Mexico City, Monterey, Chihuahua, Jalisco and Juarez.

In withdrawing its permit the Government claims forfeiture of $75,000 deposited by the American promoters as a guarantee that they would fulfill their part of the contract. But the Americans claim they are losers to the tune of more than $250,000, not counting the profits they might have earned had the track at Juarez been a success.

The first few races packed the grandstand, but the Mexicans decided horse racing too tame for any interest and the attendance dropped next to nothing. Noting the way the Juarez track was being hammered, the Americans refused to build other tracks, and the Government gave the sports a death blow by declaring the deal off.

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PULLMAN COMPANY ORDERED TO REDUCE ITS BERTH RATES

Commerce Commission Cuts Into Concern's Enormous Profits.

Washington.—The Interstate Commerce Commission has rendered a decision holding it to be "unjust and unreasonable" for the Pullman company to charge equally for upper and lower berths. Differential charges are ordered in several instances, and Pullman rates from Chicago to the Pacific Coast are ordered reduced.

While this ruling of the commission orders reductions in rates which are specifically and formally complained of, it is recognized as an opening wedge for a readjustment of sleeping car rates wherever they exceed the average that the commission has found to be reasonable in these instances. The Pullman company, it is stated, will carry the decision to the courts.

The commission ruled that the present Pullman rate of $12 from St. Paul to the Pacific Coast was too high, and ordered it reduced to $10. The present rate of $12 for an upper berth was ordered reduced to $8.50. A short night's journey, the commission holds, should not carry a rate of more than $1.50 for a lower berth and $1.10 for an upper.

The report, written by Commissioner Franklin K. Lane is brief and does not disclose the exhaustive examination that was made of the Pullman company's affairs, but the record revealed annual dividends amounting to nearly $60,000,000 from 1899 to 1908, inclusive. The investigation showed that in 1898 a cash dividend of $7,200,000 was paid out of accumulated surplus; in 1899 a special stock dividend of 50 per cent, amounting to $18,000,000, was declared; and in 1907 another of 36 per cent, amounting to $26,015,256, was divided. During eleven years $51,000,000 in special cash and stock dividends were paid in addition to the annual ones.

BECOMES FIREBUG TO GET JOB OF FIRE PREVENTER

Carpenter Starts Blaze Because He Wants Watchman's Place.

San Rafael.—Because he wished to be appointed watchman in the neighborhood, Edward Eden, son of the late Edward Eden, pioneer and former coroner and public administrator of Marin county, twice set fire to the residence of Maxtone Graham in Grand avenue, endangering the lives of a score of people and some of the finest residences in the city.

Across the avenue, and but 200 feet from the house young Eden twice fired, is the Dominican convent, where 100 young women were sleeping at the time the fires were started. Had the blaze got under headway and swept across the street, carried by a stiff breeze, the loss of life might have been great.

Eden, who is a carpenter, was lodged in jail after an inquiry instituted by Fire Chief Daniel Schneider, and a few questions broke down his defense and he made a written confession of arson.

The young man was formerly a watchman in the neighborhood, and it was to obtain the position again that he fired the building and then notified the authorities.

No Limit to Size of Women's Hats.

Washington.—Women's hats have been growing larger and larger every year. They have also been growing lighter in weight. So now a woman's hat weighs less and takes up more room than ten did ten years ago. A freight or an express car will hold only a tenth of the hats it did once, and the carriers raised the rates to make up the difference. That is the answer of the railroads and express companies to the complaint of the Millnery Jobbers Association, heard before the Interstate Commerce Commission. Milliners say the rates are too high.

Rockefeller Aids Building Fund.

New York.—In 28 minutes the congregation of the Fifth Avenue Baptist church subscribed $324,000 last Sunday to build a new church. Of this sum John D. Rockefeller gave half, having promised to duplicate dollar for dollar up to $225,000. As the share of the congregation, aside from Rockefeller, did not reach $250,000, other subscriptions will be taken up later.

Railroad Improvements.

Fresno.—Announcement has been made here that the Santa Fe railroad is to spend $300,000 at Riverbank, in Stanislaus county, in establishing a new division point. The work is to be started within the near future upon orders of President Ripley.

Looking For Trouble.

Denver.—Operators in the northern Colorado coal fields declare they will operate their mines on a non-union basis. Requests have been made upon the sheriffs of Boulder, Adams and Weld counties for deputies to protect the mines.

CIVIC SOCIETIES.

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